

OXFORD OBSERVER.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1825.

[NUMBER 63.]

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The beneficial effects of a diffusion of the Holy Scriptures are too numerous to mention. Were there no other world but this, common-philanthropy would offer the Bible to every destitute family. Considered as a mere human system of morals, what book can equal its purity and its spirit of benevolence? What book so instructs us in the common duties of life? Is a man temperate and industrious, he finds full encouragement in the Bible. Is he kind to others, a virtuous, good and peaceable citizen, as such he reads blessings in the Bible. In sickness or in health, in poverty or in riches, the Bible is his friend and faithful monitor. And why should not every one find access to so valuable a friend? Why should not all drink at the fountain of happiness? But when to its mere morality is superadded a consideration of its divine origin, descending from the hand of Infinite Kindness, bringing "life and immortality to light," what heart so cold—what hand so paralyzed—as not to hold out to every destitute man the Bible! Do let the latter be taught the benefit of industry; the drunkard, the advantages of temperance; the bad husband, the happiness that results from a ready attention to conjugal duties; the swearer, the odious crime of profaning the name of God; and vice in general be taught, that "the ways of sin are death," but the fruits of righteousness,—health, peace, and competence—in the present world, and in the future, "life everlasting."

The Bible is emphatically the common friend of man. The high and the humble, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, alike can enjoy its benefits.—Sir William Jones, who to his exalted intellectual and wonderful acquisitions in science, sustained the character of a Christian, asserted that no man could be truly eloquent without an habitual attention to the precepts of divine revelation. Surely the public mind needs no arguments. We are already and long ago convinced. Let then the spirit which the Bible is adapted to enkindle in the bosom of every philanthropist, and the more sacred flame of its sublime and exalted piety—influence those, who possess the means, to contribute to its distribution. Let it not be said that the Bible Society of Oxford languishes for want of members—or that a single soul is hungering and hungering in vain for the word of life. An invitation is therefore given to the citizens of Oxford County, to aid this good cause. The Society is open to them.—The anniversary is at hand—and we hope and trust, the occasion will be improved by some, to enter on this work of philanthropy.

OXFORD COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The Bible Society of Oxford County held their annual meeting at Summer, Sept. 15, 1824. After the reading of a portion of God's Word, the first Prayer was offered by the President, the Rev. JAMES HOOPER, of Paris. An appropriate Sermon was delivered by Rev. JOSEPH WALKER, of Paris, from Matt. xxii. 29—"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." The Rev. CHARLES FROST, of Bethel, offered the Concluding Prayer. The following persons were then elected to the offices annexed to their respective names:

Rev. JAMES HOOPER, President,
Hon. DANIEL STOWELL, Vice-President,
Rev. ALLEN GREENE, Cor. Secretary,
Rev. SAMUEL SEWALL, Rec. Secretary,
CYRUS HAMILIN, Esq. Treas'r & Librarian,
Rev. JOHN A. DOUGLASS, } Directors.
Rev. JOSEPH WALKER, }
LUTHER CARY, Esq. }

The next Annual Meeting was appointed at the Meeting-House, near the Court-House, in Paris, on the third Wednesday of Sept. 1825.

REPORT.

The Executive Committee, whose business it is to communicate their proceedings to the Society, beg leave to Report as follows:

More than eight years have passed away since this Society was organized and went into operation. Considering the length of time which has thus elapsed, some good at least in the great Bible Cause, it ought to be hoped, has been done by us. But neither the amount of the funds we have raised, nor the diligence with which we have inquired after the necessities, and supplied them with the Word of Life, will allow us to take much credit to ourselves. In this County are more than 30,000 souls; and among these, the number cannot be few who still remain destitute of the Scriptures. A solemn question which should be brought home to the breasts of this Committee, and all in this Society, is—Are we free from guilt in permitting persons in our own vicinity to remain destitute of that which has an intimate connection with their own eternal well being? It is hoped that the Committee and the Society will take this question to themselves and make it the subject of serious thoughtfulness.

In a Society like this, organized on the most liberal principles, and having it as our sole design to promote the most worthy object, we ought to hope that the number of our members will not be few. Looking over, however, the area of this whole county, our association is found to contain only 38 active members, who reside in the following places: In Summer, 7; in Buckfield, 3; in Paris, 5; in Turner, 4; in Hebron, 3; in Fryeburg, 2; in Watford, 2; in Rumford, 2; in Norway, 1; in Livermore, 1; in Hartford, 1; in Bethel, 1; in Jay, 1; in Brownfield, 1; in Gilsum, 1. A number of towns, and several with a population of more than 500 souls, have not a member amongst us. The Committee beg leave to submit the question to the Society—By what means may our number be increased, so that in every section of the county, some shall be found associated with us?

The whole amount of money raised by this Society, since its organization, is \$316 62. Of this sum, \$162 have been paid by the members as their annual instalments. The remaining sum has been received in the following ways:

Donation by the Female Cent Society, \$27 87
Donation by the Female Charitable Society in Turner, to constitute our Corresponding Secretary, their Pastor, a member for life, 15 00
Three contributions from Hartford, 8 78
Contribution from Turner, 8 11

* The members in Summer were increased at this meeting, so that their number now is double that of any other year.

Donation from Hon. Samuel Parris, 6 00
Three donations from a friend, 3 00
Contributions after sermon at our annual meetings, 27 95
13 Bibles sold, 8 75
Donation from the Female Charitable Society in Turner, 21 25
From a friend of the Society, by Rev. Joseph Walker, 2 40
From Ladies in Paris to constitute Rev. J. Walker, their Pastor, a member for life, 15 00
From Rev. Lincoln Ripley, to make himself a member for life, 15 00
From a friend, by Rev. Lincoln Ripley, 50
Of the whole, received as above, the following are the ways in which it has been disposed of:
Remitted at several different times to Maine Bible Society, with which we are associated as an Auxiliary, \$275 00
Remitted to the National Bible Society, to constitute our President, Rev. J. Hooper, a member for life, of that Institution, 30 00
Contingent expenses, 3 09
Remaining in the Treasury, before this meeting, 8 62

Since this Society was organized, we have received from Maine Bible Society, about 400 Bibles. Of these 3 only remain on hand; the others have been distributed in almost every direction in the County. The Directors cannot but hope that those Bibles have in many cases been extensively beneficial to the spiritual interests of those on whom they have been conferred, and that, in the great day of accounts, it may appear that some have been brought to the participation of eternal joys in consequence of these gifts. The Directors are impressed that the field of labor in this County is large.—They hope that many others may become connected with us, whose agency, combined with the efforts of the present members, shall greatly strengthen our exertions in the good cause, and that the time will soon come when not one necessitous person shall continue unsupplied within our limits. All which is respectfully submitted.

MISCELLANY.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STANCESMAN.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Cork, 4th July, 1825.

I avail myself of an opportunity afforded by the brig Cambridge, bound to New-York, which will sail to-morrow morning, to forward a sketch of my adventures by sea and land, since the date of my letter of the 25th ultimo, together with a file of the latest papers of this city. The residue of my first voyage will be despatched in as few words as possible. Indeed, very few incidents occurred between the 25th of June and the 1st of July, to break the monotony of our passage; or to add to the prolixity of the detail already given.

A melancholy accident happened on Monday the 27th, which occasioned much regret, and for a time depressed the feelings of the crew and passengers. One of the sailors, of the name of Burgess, belonging to Gardiner, in the State of Maine, got overboard and was lost. He had been unwell for some days, apparently in a state of despondency if not insanity. While we were at dinner, he crept to the bow of the ship, and either threw himself into the sea, or fell over accidentally. Nothing was seen of him afterwards. The ship was running at the rate of nine knots the hour, before a stiff breeze with a heavy swell. His trunk and papers were examined, but no trace could be found which disclosed his intentions.

As it was very uncertain whether we should reach land before the 4th of July, preparations were made to celebrate the anniversary of our National Independence, on board the Corinthian, in a style commensurate with our means, and with feelings suited to the occasion. An Oration was to have been delivered in form, and one or two Odes would have been in readiness, with the requisite number of toasts. Our volunteers would have been sufficiently numerous to appear respectable on paper. As to the rest, Captain Davis would have given us as bountiful and genteel a dinner, with as good wines, as any of our countrymen will enjoy on this day. But subsequent events rendered all our arrangements unnecessary.

On Saturday evening, as was mentioned in my first letter, it is customary at sea to drink "sweet-hearts and wives." One of our passengers, in an idle moment, attempted to *poetize* the toast, and wrote the following stanzas, to be said or sung on the occasion:

Come, stand round the can! though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our "sweet-hearts and wives."
And pledge them the warmer, and dream of them more,
The farther we rove from our dear native shore.

Good angels protect them, wherever they are,
And peace be their portion while we are afar;
May their spirits pursue, as the billows we stem,
And be thinking of us, while we're drinking to them.

As trembles the *Scudde*, and points to the pole,
Let each still be true to the girl of his soul;
And whatever attractions may lead us to roam,
May the magnet of feeling be ever at home.

From the full-flowing goblet as each of us sips,
Let him think how much sweeter's the nectar of lips!
Then send round the can! though the last of our lives
Be this night, we will drink to our "sweet-hearts and wives."

At half past 3 o'clock on the morning of the first of July, land was dimly descried through the clouds and mist, which obscured the horizon. The report soon circulated through the ship, and called the passengers from their berths to the deck; for although our voyage had been neither long nor tedious, the sight of the shore was welcome. To some of us, the interest of the view was heightened by novelty; and to others, by the ties of kindred and country. Even the eyes of *Jenny* sparkled with joy, as the distant hills of the Emerald Isle were seen skirting the horizon. The first land we made was Mizen Head, and the high lands in the vicinity, forming the south-western part of the island. So accurately was the ship's reckoning kept, that it did not vary three miles from the Captain's estimate.

By 8 o'clock, we were opposite Cape Clear, which is a high promontory, with a light-house upon the summit, in a very conspicuous situation. As the wind was fair and the sky clear, the ship ran within a few miles of the shore, affording us by the aid of the glass a full and perfect view of every object along the

coast. A large number of boats and small vessels covered the Channel, frequently sailing close under the cliffs, to the very base of which the sea is in most places navigable for the largest ships. A whole-boatman, boarded us off Cape Clear, and supplied us with fresh fish, eggs, and new potatoes, taking in exchange, pork, beef, bread, and a bottle of rum, prized above all the other articles received in the way of barter. This crew furnished a specimen of the rudest portion of the population of Ireland. Their language was scarcely intelligible; and they had made but little progress in civilization.

The aspect of the island for some distance after making Cape Clear, is rude, barren, and solitary, the high hills being composed of naked rocks and wastes, exhibiting neither tree nor shrub, and but little vegetation of any kind. Further up the Channel, the appearance of the country greatly improves, the sloping highlands being laid out into regular fields to their very tops, covered with verdure, and bordered with flowers, which were visible through the glass from the deck of the ship. It is, however, a rugged, precipitous, and inhospitable shore, with few buildings in sight, and those apparently inaccessible. The cliffs are in many places, abrupt, craggy, and cavernous, with here and there insulated rocks rising above the water at some distance from the shore.

At about 12 o'clock, we arrived opposite the cliff, on which the packet ship Albion was wrecked. It is a memorable spot, and every passenger manifested an eager curiosity to examine the rocks, which proved fatal to so many of our countrymen, and caused so much affliction. We were near enough to have a distinct view of the precipitous ledge, which is more than a hundred feet in height. On one side is a sandy beach, and on the other, a small bay or inlet, indenting the coast. Had the ship providentially drifted a few rods on either hand, the passengers and crew would probably all have been saved, as the shore slopes to the water's edge. But such was not the destiny of the melancholy wreck, which drifted to a point where no human aid could be afforded. Two transports, filled with troops to the number of about 1200, were wrecked near the same place a few years since, and the whole perished. A large hole was dug in the earth, and officers and men made a common grave. More respect was paid to the remains of the passengers, who were lost in the Albion. Their bodies were numbered and decently interred side by side, at a little distance from the fatal cliff. It has been my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Gibbons, of Kinsale, and Mr. Mark, the American Consul at this place, both of whom witnessed the wreck of the Albion, and did every thing in their power, for the preservation of life and property. They have given me minute descriptions of the awful scene. Most of the particulars were however publicly stated at the time; and I have no wish to revive the sorrow which this afflicting event occasioned in our city and country.

In the course of Friday forenoon, a pilot-boat came along side the Corinthian and offered to take us ashore at the Old Head of Kinsale. As the sea was tranquil, the landing convenient, and the passage up the Channel to Liverpool, might be protracted and tedious, six of us concluded to accept the offer, unwilling as we were to desert the ship, until she had reached her port of destination. The Captain gave us a parting dinner, a social glass, and a sentiment. After making our arrangements, and shaking hands with our fellow-passengers, who in feeling had become as one family, among whom the utmost cordiality and even attachment prevailed, we embarked at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and made for the harbor of Kinsale, at the distance of seven or eight miles. As the wind blew off the shore, our crew, consisting of four Irishmen, were obliged to row the whole way, which they effected without difficulty by the aid of a bottle of brandy, a sip of which was proposed by the pilot, as a premium to his subalterns for pulling manfully from point to point.

Our passage was sufficiently slow to afford us a very fine view of the lofty promontory of the Old Head of Kinsale, close under the brow of which the little boat glided along the waters. The summit is smooth and green, crowned with a handsome light-house, which is seen at a great distance up and down the Channel. In many places the cliffs are tremendous, with deep caverns in the rock which is of secondary formation. At one point a fissure wide enough for the passage of a boat, was observed to extend quite through the projection on a level with the water. It is a fine place for sauntering, and if reports be correct, the natural advantages of the coast are not neglected. Back of the headland, the hills are covered with groups of Irish cottages, and the fields exhibit marks of a state of high cultivation. On the heights are several of those castles in ruins, which are so common all over the island. As these were the first we had ever seen, their rude, crumbling, and fantastic forms were regarded with an eye of curiosity.

The harbor of Kinsale is easy of access, the water deep, and completely land-locked by the eminences projecting on both sides of the river Bandon, on the left bank of which the town is situated. On the right, as you enter the basin, is Fort Charles, a very strong and expensive work commanding the harbor, and at present garrisoned by a regiment. On the opposite side, are the ruins of an ancient fortress, where James the Second landed with an army from France, at the time he was driven from his own country and sought to regain his throne occupied by William of Orange. In the year 1690, the Fort was stormed by the Duke of Marlborough. It was a severe and bloody conflict, the Governor of Ireland being killed in the breach. In 1690, it was captured by the Spaniards. The work is now a mere ruin with its dilapidated ramparts mantled with ivy. Immediately after passing the point on which it stands, the town of Kinsale opens on the view, at the distance of only a few rods, standing upon an activity so steep, that the roofs of the houses on one street, are on a line with the basements of those above. The heights are planted with trees, and many of the houses have gardens in front, presenting a picturesque and romantic view from the basin, which spreads before the town and is covered with boats and vessels. Ships of war may ride to the very doors of some of the houses; and we were informed that the officers on deck sometimes converse with the ladies at the windows of their drawing-rooms.

The Lake of Guatavita, is famous in the legends of Colombia. Previously to the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, a large district, containing about a million of inhabitants, was subject to the Cacique of Guatavita; who there had a considerable capital, and kept an army of thirty thousand warriors, which caused him to be much respected by the neighboring tribes, who brought him and his people gold-dust in exchange for produce of their fields, they generally being cultivators of the soil. This Lagoon, situated between nine and ten thousand feet

above the level of the sea, and formed on the summit of a conical mountain, they considered as the residence of their protecting deity, to whom, from a religious motive, they thought it necessary to make offerings twice a year. In consequence of this, all the Caciques subjects assembled at stated times, with their gold offerings; and forming in grand procession, advanced with music to the Lagoon, winding up the mountain by a well-designed broad road, conducting to the summit, a few feet below which were then washed by the water of the lake. Arrived there, the Cacique and the principal chiefs embarked in large canoes, by steps formed in that break; (pointing to a rent in the top of the mountain which the eye could just make out.) The people at the same time distributed themselves all around the Lagoon. On arriving at the centre, the chiefs anointed the Cacique, and powdered him over with a profusion of gold-dust; from which practice, in various parts of South America, has arisen the name *El Dorado*.

On a signal given, the multitude turned their backs on the Lagoon; and at the moment when the Cacique plunged into its bosom, they shouted, and threw in, over their shoulders, as far as they could, their offerings. This done, the Cacique landed, and returned to his capital, in the same manner as he came, considering that the sins of himself and people, committed during the last six months, were expiated. According to a calculation made from a basis laid down by Monsieur de la Kier, of the Royal Institute of Paris, who particularly examined every document relating to the Lagoon, there ought to be gold and precious stones yet buried in it to the amount of one billion one hundred and twenty millions sterling. On the Spaniards conquering the country, they so severely persecuted the natives to obtain gold, that most of them threw what they had left into the Lagoon. The Cacique himself caused to be cast into the centre of it the burdens of fifty men, laden with gold.

Some of the chiefs, when afterwards taken prisoners, and ill used by the Spaniards, revenged themselves by saying, "If it is gold you want, go and search the bottom of the Lagoon, and you will find sufficient there;" supposing the undertaking to be impossible. The Spaniards, however, attempted it; and had got within fourteen feet of the bottom, when the sides fell in with a tremendous crash; and the Lagoon having sprung in it, the waters began to rise. The Spaniards however had time, by examining the banks, and washing the mud soil, to procure a sufficient sum to pay the government a quinta of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars (a quinta is three per cent.); and one emerald procured, and sent to Madrid, was alone valued at seventy thousand dollars. Several other attempts were made previously to the breaking out of the revolution; but none succeeded. At last, having ascertained that, (continued my friend Pepe,) I determined to undertake it. Getting a grant from the executive government, I formed a company with sixteen shares, each person giving me five hundred dollars, in all eight thousand, which I thought would be sufficient; but unfortunately it has now cost me twenty thousand dollars, and there are still thirty-three feet of water left. Captain Cochran adds, "An old Spaniard, sounding the centre, drew up with the lead a small branch of a tree in the mud surveying which was found a golden image, worth about one hundred dollars: so there is every reason to hope."

From the *Suburn* (N. Y.) Free Press.

THE PIANO.

As the last sweet notes of "Home—sweet home," floated round the dear circle, in which were concentrated a little world, or a little knot of beings who were all the world to each other; an audible sob broke the enchantment which this little song, accompanied by the sweet voice of my young friend, had cast around me. It burst from the bosom of one who had been severely disciplined in the school of adversity—one who beheld the wreck of all her youthful hopes, without one murmuring word against the God who guides the storm; but now the sudden reflection that she heard, for the last time, the soft melody of her beloved daughter's voice accompanying the melting tone of her piano—saw for the last time, her fingers sweep the speaking keys—beheld her youthful face glowing with animation and happiness, unconscious of the blow that awaited her, a sigh involuntarily escaped her, and the starting tear told of anguish. She saved Amelia's piano—it will break her heart to part with it. She little thinks that she will no more sing and play to charm away my melancholy.

The unconscious girl closed the instrument, and remarked, "did you observe, dear mamma, that my piano wants tuning? and will you allow Mr. N. to come and tune it to-morrow?"

A tear stole down the cheek of my respectable friend.

"Are you ill, my dear?" inquired Amelia, "or has any thing new occurred to distress you? If so, do not hide it from me; for rest assured, no deprivation, no exertion, no suffering can afflict me like seeing you unhappy. I have just been thinking, as soon as my piano is tuned, I will beg Mrs. — to let me undertake to instruct her two little girls in the rudiments of music; and who knows, dear mother, but, in time, it will be in my power to support you, with the assistance of my valued instrument?"

I gazed for a moment, with feelings of surprise and admiration, on the glowing, animated face of the lovely, ingenious girl, and never felt my own want of fortune so keenly as at that moment. A silent ejaculation involuntarily rose to heaven, that the ALMIGHTY would open some way to save poor Amelia's piano from the fangs of a rapacious landlord. The hour for separation had already arrived; and after imprinting a warm kiss on Amelia's cheek, and whispering in the ear of my afflicted friend, "Still trust in the Lord our God," I left the house, with feelings I cannot describe.

With the dawn I repaired to the auction rooms, in — street, and waited impatiently the opening sales. The crowd was large, and several valuable articles of furniture and some elegant paintings were noticed in the handbills.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO A LADY.

'Tis sweet to gaze, at even time,
On yonder pure, blue fields of light,
Where twinkling stars in beauty shine,
And Cynthia rolls through pathways bright.
'Tis sweet, when morn lifts up her head,
And opens her rosy portals bright,
And Sol forsakes her watery bed,
And fills the world with golden light.
Sweet is the fountain's murm'ring flush,
That comes from 'neath the moss-grown rock,
And sweet, within the foaming rush,
To see the gentle zeping flock.
All these are sweet; and they have power
To free the heart from sorrow's stain—
But sweeter far is one short hour,
With her I love so well—with JANE.
Portland.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

Sweet the our of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in that mournful eye.
Have you felt a kind emotion
Trembling thro' your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean
When she charms the waves to rest?
Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting sigh?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?
Have you seen your spouse expiring,
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring,
From the eyes that break on you?
Did not grief then grow romantic,
Having on remember'd bliss?
Did not you with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?
Horror then your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair,
Can you recollect the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there.
From that gloomy trace of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone!
Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.
O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.
While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.
Pensive mem'ry then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.
And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil of mental eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.
You have seen a friend or brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak,
Fro'd the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.
Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charn,
And received your infant's smiling,
From his mother's sacred arms.
Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
Open'd heav'n, from whence it shone.
Thither all your wishes bending
Rose in ecstasy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death, and time.
Thus afflicted, bruise'd, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and by this token,
You have known the "joy of grief." D.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Behold the condescending 'C'
Does stoop to any—be still O. P.

Do saints stop when they are rising,
And cry "be still?" That's surprising.
Arise! yes, 'C', arise to realms of light,
Nor sun nor stars stay thy impious flight,
I envy not so wing thy way to God,
Compare thy form with his, thou moulded clod.
O. P.

VARIETY.

To de Prentiss of de Daily Advertiser.
BOSTON, DE 1 SEPTEMBRE.

Monsieur Prentiss.
SIR—When I first come to des Etats Unis,
to dis country, one, two, tree, four, six weeks
ago, from de France, I arrived in de ville of
New-York. I go to de very fine hotel, where
I stay all de day and all de night. But I no
sleep. De grand bruit, de great noise, all de
day and all de night, break my rest. De petit
chamney-sweeps cry, Sweep-o! sweep-o!—and de
poissardes cry, Fish-o! fish-o!—and de pe-
tite demoiselles cry, Ot-corn! ot-corn!—So in
de matin, when I eat my dejeuner, my break-
fast, I tell de maitre d'hotel, de landlord, dat I
no sleep;—dat de mens, and de womens, and
de petit garcons, de little boys, make de grand
noise; so I must go away. I ask de maitre
d'hotel, where shall I go?—He say, I don't
know. Den one tres polite gentleman, what
dey call Yankee-doodle, say to me, you go to de
Boston;—dere all de peuples be one very quiet,
religieux peuples, and no cry de ot-corn. So I
make one very polite bow, and tell de yankee-
doodle gentleman, Monsieur, je vous remercie,
—I thank you, sir;—I shall go to de Boston.
So I ride in de coach all de days and all de
nights, and arrive in Boston very early in de

malin. I find dis ville tres paisible very quiet.
Bimeby-directly, I hear de cloche sonner, de
bell ring, at de distance. I ask de coachman,
What for I hear de bell ring?—He tell me,
'Tis five o'clocks, and de peuples must wake up
to go to de work—Very well—I go to de Mal-
brouk Hotel; I sit down and read de news-
paper. Bimeby-presently, I hear de bell ring
again. I ask de maitre d'hotel, What for de
bell ring?—He say, 'Tis seven o'clocks, and de
peuples go to de breakfast. After I have mange
my dejeuner, my breakfast, I walk out in de
city;—I ask de garcon, de little boy in de street,
Pourquoi de bell ring now? He tell me, 'Tis
nine o'clocks, and de peuples must make de toilet,
to go to de lecture.—I make more promenade;
I view de mall and de common. 'Tis tres belle,
very beautiful. Bimeby-directly, I hear de
bell ring again. Task,—What for? Dey
tell me, 'Tis ten o'clocks;—'tis for de religieux
peuples to go to de lecture. I go to my house;
to de new Malbrouk Hotel. I sit down in de
chaise, de chair, out door, in de street, avec
de dandy gentlemen. Presently I hear de bell
ring again. Ma foi! I hear all de bells ring. I
jump up; I ask if de peuples in dis ville go to
de church all de time? De gentlemen laugh.
Dey say, 'Tis eleven o'clocks, and de bell ring
for de peuples to cook de dinner. I sit down—
I talk. Bimeby, I hear de clock strike twelve
o'clocks;—but de bells no ring this time. All
de gentlemen go to walk on de change, in de
Rue d'Etat, in de State Street; I go assui-
bimeby again, all de bells ring once more.
Begar! (me say) what peuples dese be to ring
de bell! dey ring all de day, and all de heures.
I ask de very fine Southern gentleman—Mon
sieu, si vous plait, ditez moi pourquoi de bell
ring at present? He tell me, 'Tis one o'clocks,
and de peuples dat make de work must go eat
deir dinner. In one, two heures, I go home to
de hotel to eat my dinner. After dinner, I go
to make de promenade in de Campagne, in de
country, a cheval, on horseback. I come home
little before de sun-set. I hear de bell ring. De
maitre d'hotel say, 'Tis to prepare for de eve-
ning lecture. I mange my souper—I eat de roll
and butter avec de coffee. De second bell ring
for de lecture. Eh! ma foi! (I say) very well!
After dis, dere will be no more cook, no more eat,
no more preach, to-night; I shall not be disturb
any more. I will go coucher, go to bed, and
take my quiet rest. So I go sleep. Bimeby-
directly, I hear de noise;—I wake, and all de
bells ring. I call de landlord—I say to him,
Peste! diable! parbleu!—will de infernal bell
always ring, so I can never have de sleep? De
cry in New-York, sweep-o!—ot-corn! is better
dan dis. De landlord say, de bell ring for de
peuples to go to bed, because 'tis nine o'clocks;
and no more bell ring to-night. So I go to sleep
again; I sleep very well. I sleep one, two,
tree heures! Bimeby, de man under my win-
dow cry out very loud as ten men,—'Twelve
o'clocks! star-light morning! I wake up; I
think it be de coachman call me to go in de
stage-coach; so I open de fenetre, de window,
and tell him, I no go in de coach dis morning;
no more; I stay in Boston. De man laugh and
go away. I go to my lit, to my bed. When I
sleep again one heure, somebody cry under my
window again, One clor! all well!—I wake
very quick and be very angry; but I be much
glad to hear dat all de peuples in dis grand city
be well; because I some fear to catch de fievre
jaune, de yellow fever. So I be content to
sleep once more. Bimeby-directly, de man cry
again very loud, Two o'clocks! cloudy morning!
I jump out of my bed in de grand passion; I
put my head out of de window, and tell de man,
Sacre! parbleu! diable!—what for you disturb
my rest, to tell me 'tis not de beau tem, de fair
weather! I do not desire to be inform; I am
very comfortable in my bed; I do not care if it
rain like de very diable. You please go away.
I go sleep.—But I no sleep long, fore I hear de
loud cry again under my window, Tree o'clocks!
—I have de mal de tete, de head-ache, and be
very much fatigue. I need de sleep very much;
but it be no possible. I wish dat I was back in
my patrie, my own country, where I may take
my repose, my rest, in de quiet, and make my-
self well. But dis cannot be now, at present;
so I try to sleep again. I turn over on my lit,
my bed, great many times; and when I be al-
most asleep, I be wake up again by de same
most disagreeable sound of four o'clocks! all
well!—But all be not well; I am tres mal,
very sick, I shall die. Je me leve, I get up;
I put on my clothes; I find it no possible to
sleep. I be very sick. I shall go back to de
France, to my own country, bimeby-directly,
when the first ship shall go. I shall not come
to America again, never.—And if I do not go
very quick, I shall be so break of my rest, dat
I shall die, and I shall not be able to go to my
home. Je suis, Monsieur Prentiss,
votre tres-humble serviteur,
Ouv. Malheur Frackman.

Mrs. Powell.—When Mr. Bowden had read
his unsuccessful Drama of "Aurelio and Miran-
da," in the Green Room, he observed, that he
knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece be-
fore such a critical audience. Mrs. Powell, the
actress, who was present, said she knew one
thing much more terrible. "What can that be?"
he demanded the author. "To be obliged,"
said she, "to sit and hear it."

New-York Police.—A strapping negro was
brought up for some breach of the peace, and
the fellow anticipating severe punishment, bel-
lowed so loud that the magistrate ordered him
to be locked in the coal-hole until he was quiet.
The whole Police forgot him and went home
at night leaving Cuff in the hole, and hearing
a noise next day they opened the door and
found the black perfectly tranquil and amazing-
ly hungry, having been nearly 24 hours in
"durance vile."—N.Y.

A ROYAL TRAP.—A young lad, apparently
about 15 years old, an apprentice to Mr. Devo,
a respectable tailor in this place, was very in-
geniously detected in stealing money from the
drawer in Mr. Troop's store in this village.—
He had for sometime made it a practice to call
at the store when there was no one there ex-
cepting Mr. Troop, or one of his clerks. He
would then generally call for wine, or some
trifling article kept in the cellar, and in their
absence to procure the article, it was suspected
he made free with the change-drawer. The
other day Mr. T. fastened a cord to the back
of the drawer, and let one end pass through a
small hole into the cellar. It was but a short
time before the lad came in, and observing no
one but Mr. T. in the store, called for some
wine. Mr. T. on entering the cellar, perceived
the cord move, caught hold of it, and with a
sudden jerk made it fast; he then ran up stairs,
and found the young rogue with his hand fast
in the drawer.—Sandy Hill Times.

At Little Leigh, in Chester, (Eng.) last week,
a poor woman was delivered of a child with two
heads, on which the hair was an inch long, two necks which
unite above the shoulders, four arms, four hands,
and the usual number of fingers on each, beautifully form-
ed. One body down to the hips; four legs, with toes
well formed on each foot. A short time after its birth,
the accoucheur thought one of the heads showed
symptoms of life.

A Crocodile, measuring 18 feet from head to
tail, was killed at Barycore, in the East Indies,
a short time since. It had committed great
havock on the banks of the river, and in the
stomach was found part of a woman, a dog, a
cat, and a part of a sheep, besides several rings
and other ornaments worn by the native women.

Unacceptable Gratitude.—Capt. — (we
spare his name), was walking the other day in
company with the Marquis of Anglesen, down
Piccadilly, when he was accosted by a fellow,
half soldier, half beggar, with a most reveren-
tial military salute. "God bless your honor!"
(said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be
Irish,) and long life to you." "How do you
know me?" said the Captain. "It is how do
I know your honor, (replied Pat;) good right,
sure, I have to know the man who has saved
my life in battle." The Captain, highly grati-
fied at this tribute to his valor in such hearing,
hid half a crown into his hand, and asked him
when? "God bless your honor, and long life
to you, (said the grateful veteran;) sure, it was
at New-Orleans, when seeing your honor run
away as hard as your legs would carry you,
from the Yankees, I followed your lead and
ran after you out of the way; whereby, under
God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your
honor, I will never forget it of you."—Lon. pa.

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions
in a gale of wind cried out, among other pret-
ty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bot-
tom—mercy on us, how my head swims!"
"Zounds, madam, never fear, (said one of the
sailors,) you can never go to the bottom while
your head swims."

Over the door of a house in a village in the
West of England is hung a board with this in-
scription:—"Schooling for littleboys and girls,
at 2d per week; them as laris manners pays 2d
more."
London paper.

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions
begun and holden at Paris, within and for the
County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June,
Anno Domini eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

THE undersigned proprietors of Township number-
ed Two in said County of Oxford, respectfully
represent, that the Road formerly laid out by order of
the Court of Sessions for said County of Oxford, be-
ginning at the dwelling house of WILLIAM MORSE,
in Rumford, and running through said township,
and ending at the dwelling-house of BARNABAS ROWE
in Sumner, is not necessary to accommodate the pub-
lic; that the settlers on said land, do but in very few
instances own their land, and are liable soon to be re-
moved, and of course, that said road cannot be nec-
essary for their accommodation, and, if necessary,
ought not to be made at the expense of the proprie-
tors; they further represent, that said road cannot be
put in any tolerable state of repair short of a tax almost
equivalent to a total abandonment of the soil.—They
therefore respectfully pray your Honors that so much
of said road, as is situated in said township, number-
ed Two, may be discontinued, and as in duty bound
will over pray.

THOMAS L. WINTHROP, By
LEVI WHITMAN, Attorney.
JOHN THOMPSON.

STATE OF MAINE.

Court of Sessions, June Term, A. D. 1825.
On the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the stand-
ing Committee of the County, be appointed at the
expense of the Petitioners to view the aforesaid road,
and that said petitioners give notice of the same to
the inhabitants of said towns of Sumner and Rumford,
by serving on the respective Clerks of said towns, a
copy of said Petition, and of this order of Court there-
on, thirty days at least before the next term of this
Court—and likewise, by publishing said Petition, and
order three weeks successively, in the Oxford Observer,
the last publication to be three weeks before the next
term of this Court, to be holden at Paris, in and for
said County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of Oc-
tober next, that all persons interested may then and
there appear and shew cause, if any they have, why
the prayer thereof should not be granted. The Court
further order, that proceedings be stayed as to the
sale of Township No. 2, for the payment of a tax
assessed on said Township at the last Term of this
Court, on the petition of James H. Withington and
others.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.
Copy attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clk.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAYER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings,
Portland, has just received a consignment of
Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace
Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give
satisfaction.
Orders for any quantity executed at short no-
tice.
Portland, Feb. 15.—cf 34

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and
for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third
day of August, in the year of our Lord eight-
teen hundred and twenty-five—

CATHERINE BUTTERFIELD, late widow of AB-
NER BENSON, late of Paris, deceased, and
Guardian to the heirs of said BENSON, having present-
ed her first account of Guardianship of said Wards:
ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all
persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to
be published three weeks successively in the Ox-
ford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday
of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon,
and shew cause, if any they have, why the same
should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.
61

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and
for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third
day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen
hundred and twenty-five:

ON the petition of THOMAS CLARK, adminis-
trator on the estate of LEONARD PRATT,
late of Paris, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, rep-
resenting that the personal estate of said deceased is
not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owe I at
the time of his death, by the sum of three hundred and
ninety-one dollars and eight cents, and praying for al-
locution to sell and convey so much of the real estate
of said deceased as may be necessary for the pay-
ment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof
to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons inter-
ested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order
to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris,
in said County, three weeks successively, that they
may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Pro-
bate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of Oc-
tober next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and shew cause, if
any they have, why the prayer of said petition should
not be granted. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.
61

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the
County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August
in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-
five:

LUTH PARK administratrix on the estate of CA-
LEB PARK, late of Dixfield, deceased, hav-
ing presented her second account of administration
of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said administratrix give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this
order to be published three weeks successively in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said
county, on the fourteenth day of September next at
ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if
any they have, why the same should not be allowed.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.
60

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all
concerned, that he has been duly appointed and
taken upon himself the trust of Administrator in the
estate of
ASA HOLT.
late of Wald, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by
giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore re-
quests all persons who are indebted to the said de-
ceased's estate to make immediate payment; and
those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the
same to
STEPHEN HOLT.
Wald, Aug. 23, 1825.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident pri-
ors and owners of the following lot and
parts of lots of Land, in the County of
Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in
the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect
for the year 1824, town, state and county, and defi-
ciency of highway tax, for the year 1823, as follows,
viz:

Proprietors.	No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	State Tax.	County Tax.	Highway Tax.	Total.
Unknown,	11	13	160	\$30	\$2.50	\$2.32	\$34.82
Do.	11	12	160	64	1.21	1.52	66.73
Do.	11	11	160	64	1.34	1.52	66.86
Do.	6	11	160	25	0.53	0.80	26.33
Do.	7	11	160	100	2.10	2.57	4.67
Do.	12	1	160	23	0.47	0.51	1.02
Do. W. part.	12	5	60	37	0.74	0.83	1.66
Do.	4	8	160	127	2.67	2.02	4.69
Do.	8	14	160	98	2.52	2.82	5.34
Do.	9	13	160	75	1.69	1.92	3.61
Do.	12	9	160	96	2.52	2.82	5.34
Do.	11	3	160	50	0.89	0.28	1.17
Do.	1	10	160	62	0.56	0.68	1.24
Do. N. part.	4	1	100	67	1.50	1.60	3.10
Do. N. part.	6	7	16	50	0.81	0.54	1.35
Do. W. part.	7	10	50	37	0.67	0.77	1.44

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening
charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the
twenty-fifth day of September next, at nine o'clock,
A. M. so much of each of said lots and parts of lots
as will pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold
at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the house of
the subscriber in said Waterford.
WM. MORSE, Jr. Collector of
Waterford, for the year 1824.
Waterford, Aug. 3, 1825.

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the pub-
lic, that he has taken the shop of Mr. Jacob
JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

in all its usual branches. Work of every description
wanted in the country will be done at the shortest no-
tice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Custom-
ers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exer-
tion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.
Cyrus B. NORRIS.
Paris, July 16, 1825.

THE OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
ASA BARTON,
For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, pay-
able semi-annually.
No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid,
but at the option of the publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and on
the usual terms.
All letters, addressed to the publisher, (7 must
be post paid.)

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1825.

[NUMBER 63.]

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The beneficial effects of a diffusion of the Holy Scriptures are too numerous to mention. Were there no other world but this, common philanthropy would offer the Bible to every destitute family. Considered as a mere human system of morals, what book can equal its purity and its spirit of benevolence? What book so instructs us in the common duties of life? Is a man temperate and industrious, he finds full encouragement in the Bible. Is he kind to others, a virtuous, good and peaceable citizen, as such he reads blessings in the Bible. In sickness or in health, in poverty or in riches, the Bible is his friend and faithful monitor. And why should not every one find access to so valuable a friend? Why should not all drink at the fountain of happiness? But when to its mere morality is superadded a consideration of its divine origin, descending from the hand of Infinite Kindness, bringing "life and immortality to light," what heart so cold—what hand so paralyzed—as not to hold out to every destitute man the Bible? Do let the idler be taught the benefit of industry; the drunkard, the advantages of temperance; the bad husband, the happiness that results from a ready attention to conjugal duties; the sinner, the odious crime of profaning the name of God; and vice in general be taught, that "the ways of sin are death," but the fruits of righteousness—health, peace, and competence—in the present world, and in the future, "life everlasting."

The Bible is emphatically the common friend of man. The high and the humble, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, alike can enjoy its benefits.—Sir William Jones, who to his exalted intellectual and wonderful acquisitions in science, sustained the character of a Christian, asserted that no man could be truly eloquent without an habitual attention to the precepts of divine revelation. Surely the public mind needs not arguments. We are already and long ago convinced. Let then the spirit which the Bible is adapted to enkindle in the bosom of every philanthropist, and the more sacred flame of its sublime and exalted piety—influence those, who possess the means, to contribute to its distribution. Let it not be said that the Bible Society of Oxford languishes for want of members—or that a single soul is hungering and starving in vain for the word of life. An invitation is therefore given to the citizens of Oxford County, to aid this good cause: The Society is open to them.—The anniversary is at hand—and we hope and trust, the occasion will be improved by some, to enter on this work of philanthropy.

OXFORD COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The BIBLE SOCIETY OF OXFORD COUNTY held their annual meeting at Sumner, Sept. 15, 1824. After the reading of a portion of God's Word, the first Prayer was offered by the President, the Rev. JAMES HOOPER, of Paris. An appropriate Sermon was delivered by Rev. JOSEPH WALKER, of Paris, from Matt. xxi. 23—"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." The Rev. CHARLES FROST, of Bethel, offered the Concluding Prayer. The following persons were then elected to the offices annexed to their respective names:

Rev. JAMES HOOPER, President,
Hon. DANIEL STOWELL, Vice-President,
Rev. ALLEN GREGG, Cor. Secretary,
Rev. SAMUEL SEWALL, Sec. Secretary,
CYRUS HAMLIN, Esq. Treas'r & Librarian,
Rev. JOHN A. DOUGLASS, } Directors.
Rev. JOSEPH WALKER, }
LUTHER CARY, Esq. }

The next Annual Meeting was appointed at the Meeting-House, near the Court-House, in Paris, on the third Wednesday of Sept. 1825.

REPORT.

The Executive Committee, whose business it is to communicate their proceedings to the Society, beg leave to REPORT as follows:

More than eight years have passed away since this Society was organized and went into operation. Considering the length of time which has thus elapsed, some good at least in the great Bible Cause, it ought to be hoped, has been done by us. But neither the amount of the funds we have raised, nor the diligence with which we have inquired after the necessities, and supplied them with the Word of Life, will allow us to take much credit to ourselves. In this County are more than 30,000 souls; and among these, the number cannot be few who still remain destitute of the Scriptures. A solemn question which should be brought home to the breasts of this Committee, and all in this Society, is—Are we free from guilt in permitting persons in our own vicinity to remain destitute of that which has an intimate connection with their own eternal well-being? It is hoped that the Committee and the Society will take this question to themselves and make it the subject of serious thoughtfulness.

In a Society like this, organized on the most liberal principles, and having it as our sole design to promote the most worthy object, we ought to hope that the number of our members will not be few. Looking over, however, the area of this whole country, our association is found to contain only 38 active members, who reside in the following places: In Sumner, 7; in Buckfield, 6; in Paris, 5; in Turner, 4; in Hiram, 3; in Fryeburg, 2; in Waterville, 2; in Rumford, 2; in Norway, 1; in Livermore, 1; in Harford, 1; in Bethel, 1; in Jay, 1; in Brownfield, 1; in Gilroad, 1. A number of towns, and several with a population of more than 500 souls, have not a member amongst us. The Committee beg leave to submit the question to the Society—By what means may our number be increased, so that in every section of the county, some shall be found associated with us?

The whole amount of money raised by this Society, since its organization, is \$316 62. Of this sum, \$162 have been paid by the members as their annual instalments. The remaining sum has been received in the following ways:

Donation by the Female Cent Society, \$27 07
Donation by the Female Charitable Society in Turner, to constitute our Corresponding Secretary, their Pastor, a member for life, 15 00
Three contributions from Harford, 5 76
Contribution from Turner, 8 11

*The members in Sumner were increased at this meeting, so that their number now is double that of any other town.

Donation from Hon. Samuel Parris, 0 00
Three donations from a friend, 3 00
Contributions after sermon at our annual meetings, 27 05
13 Bibles sold, 8 75
Donation from the Female Charitable Society in Turner, 21 25
From a friend of the Society, by Rev. Joseph Walker, 2 40
From Ladies in Paris to constitute Rev. J. Walker, their Pastor, a member for life, 15 00
From Rev. Lincoln Ripley, to make himself a member for life, 15 00
From a friend, by Rev. Lincoln Ripley, 50
Of the whole, received as above, the following are the ways in which it has been disposed of:
Remitted at several different times to Maine Bible Society, with which we are associated as an Auxiliary, \$275 00
Remitted to the National Bible Society, to constitute our President, Rev. J. Hooper, a member for life, of that Institution, 30 00
Contingent expenses, 3 00
Remaining in the Treasury, before this meeting, 8 62

Since this Society was organized, we have received from Maine Bible Society, about 400 Bibles. Of these 3 only remain on hand; the others have been distributed in almost every direction in the County. The Directors cannot but hope that those Bibles have in many cases been extensively beneficial to the spiritual interests of those on whom they have been conferred, and that, in the great day of accounts, it may appear that some have been brought to the participation of eternal joys in consequence of these gifts. The Directors are impressed that the field of labor in this County is large.—They hope that many others may become connected with us, whose agency, combined with the efforts of the present members, shall greatly strengthen our exertions in the good cause, and that the time will soon come when not one necessitous person shall continue unsupplied within our limits. All which is respectfully submitted.

MISCELLANY.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.
EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Clark, 4th July, 1825.

I avail myself of an opportunity afforded by the brig Cambridge, bound to New-York, which will sail tomorrow morning, to forward a sketch of my adventures by sea and land, since the date of my letter of the 25th ultimo, together with a file of the latest papers of this city. The residue of my first voyage will be despatched in as few words as possible. Indeed, very few incidents occurred between the 25th of June and the 1st of July, to break the monotony of our passage; or to add to the prolixity of the detail already given.

A melancholy accident happened on Monday the 27th, which occasioned much regret, and for a time depressed the feelings of the crew and passengers. One of the sailors, of the name of Burgess, belonging to Gardiner, in the State of Maine, got overboard and was lost. He had been unwell for some days, apparently in a state of despondency if not insanity. While we were at dinner, he crept to the bow of the ship, and either threw himself into the sea, or fell over accidentally. Nothing was seen of him afterwards. The ship was running at the rate of nine knots the hour, before a stiff breeze with a heavy swell. His trunk and papers were examined, but no trace could be found which disclosed his intentions.

As it was very uncertain whether we should reach land before the 4th of July, preparations were made to celebrate the anniversary of our National Independence, on board the Corinthian, in a style commensurate with our means, and with feelings suited to the occasion. An Oration was to have been delivered in fern, and one or two Odes would have been in readiness, with the requisite number of toasts. Our volunteers would have been sufficiently numerous to appear respectable on paper. As to the rest, Captain Davis would have given us as bountiful and genteel a dinner, with as good wines, as any of our countrymen will enjoy on this day. But subsequent events rendered all our arrangements unnecessary.

On Saturday evening, as was mentioned in my first letter, it is customary at sea to drink "sweet-hearts and wives." One of our passengers, in an idle moment, attempted to poetize the toast, and wrote the following stanzas, to be said or sung on the occasion:

Come, send round the can! though the last of our lives

Be this night, we will drink to our "sweet-hearts and wives."

And pledge them the warmer, and dream of them hereafter.

The farther we rove from our dear native shore.

Good angels protect them, wherever they are,

And peace be their portion while we are afar;

May their spirits pursue, as the billows we stem,

And be thinking of us, while we're drinking to them.

As trembles the Needle, and points to the pole,

Let each still be true to the girl of his soul;

And whatever attractions may lead us to roam,

May the magnet of feeling be ever at home.

From the full-flowing goblet as each of us sips,

Let him think how much sweeter's the nectar of lips.—

Then send round the can! though the last of our lives

Be this night, we will drink to our "sweet-hearts and wives."

At half past 3 o'clock on the morning of the first of July, land was dimly descried through the clouds and mist, which obscured the horizon. The report soon circulated through the ship, and called the passengers from their birlis to the deck; for although our voyage had been neither long nor tedious, the sight of the shore was welcome. To some of us, the interest of the view was heightened by novelty; and to others, by the ties of kindred and country. Even the eyes of Jenny sparkled with joy, as the distant hills of the Emerald Isle were seen skirting the horizon.

The first land we made was Mizen Head, and the high lands in the vicinity, forming the south-western part of the island. So accurately was the ship's reckoning kept, that it did not vary three miles from the Captain's estimate.

By 8 o'clock, we were opposite Cape Clear, which is a high promontory, with a light-house upon the summit, in a very conspicuous situation. As the wind was fair and the sky clear, the ship ran within a few miles of the shore, affording us by the aid of the glass a full and perfect view of every object along the coast. A large number of boats and small vessels covered the Channel, frequently sailing close under the cliffs, to the very bases of which the sea is in most places navigable for the largest ships. A whale-boat, with a crew of seven miserably clad and dirty fishermen, boarded us off Cape Clear, and supplied us with fresh fish, eggs, and new potatoes, taking in exchange, pork, beef, bread, and a bottle of rum, prized above all the other articles received in the way of barter. This crew furnished a specimen of the rudest portion of the population of Ireland. Their language was scarcely intelligible; and they had made but little progress in civilization.

The aspect of the island for some distance after making Cape Clear, is rude, barren, and solitary, the high hills being composed of naked rocks and wastes, exhibiting neither tree nor shrub, and but little vegetation of any kind. Farther up the Channel, the appearance of the country greatly improves, the sloping highlands being laid out into regular fields to their very tops, covered with verdure, and bordered with flowers, which were visible through the glass from the deck of the ship. It is, however, a rugged, precipitous, and inhospitable shore, with few buildings in sight, and those apparently inaccessible. The cliffs are in many places, abrupt, craggy, and cavernous, with here and there insulated rocks rising above the water at some distance from the shore.

At about 12 o'clock, we arrived opposite the cliff, on which the packet ship Albion was wrecked. It is a memorable spot, and every passenger manifested an eager curiosity to examine the rocks, which proved fatal to so many of our countrymen, and caused so much affliction. We were near enough to have a distinct view of the precipitous ledge, which is more than a hundred feet in height. On one side is a sandy beach, and on the other, a small bay or inlet, indenting the coast. Had the ship providentially drifted a few rods on either hand, the passengers and crew would probably all have been saved, as the shore slopes to the water's edge. But such was not the destiny of the melancholy wreck, which drifted to a point where no human aid could be afforded. Two transports, filled with troops to the number of about 1200, were wrecked near the same place a few years since, and the whole perished. A large hole was dug in the earth, and officers and men made a common grave. More respect was paid to the remains of the passengers, who were lost in the Albion. Their bodies were numbered and decently interred side by side, at a little distance from the fatal cliff. It has been my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Gibbons, of Kinsale, and Mr. Marle, the American Consul at this place, both of whom witnessed the wreck of the Albion, and did every thing in their power, for the preservation of life and property. They have given me minute descriptions of the awful scene. Most of the particulars were however publicly stated at the time; and I have no wish to revive the sorrow which this afflictive event occasioned in our city and country.

In the course of Friday forenoon, a pilot-boat came along side the Corinthian and offered to take us ashore at the Old Head of Kinsale. As the sea was tranquil, the landing convenient, and the passage up the Channel to Liverpool, might be protracted and tedious, six of us concluded to accept the offer, unwilling as we were to desert the ship, until she had reached her port of destination. The Captain gave us a parting dinner, a social glass, and a sentiment. After making our arrangements, and shaking hands with our fellow-passengers, who in feeling had become as one family, among whom the utmost cordiality and even attachment prevailed, we debarked at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and made for the harbor of Kinsale, at the distance of seven or eight miles. As the wind blew off the shore, our crew, consisting of four Irishmen, were obliged to row the whole way, which they effected without difficulty by the aid of a bottle of brandy, a sip of which was proposed by the pilot, as a premium to his subalterns for pulling manfully from point to point.

Our passage was sufficiently slow to afford us a very fine view of the lofty promontory of the Old Head of Kinsale, close under the brow of which the little boat glided along the waters. The summit is smooth and green, crowned with a handsome light-house, which is seen at a great distance up and down the Channel. In many places the cliffs are tremendous, with deep caverns in the rock which is of secondary formation. At one point a fissure wide enough for the passage of a boat, was observed to extend quite through the projection on a level with the water. It is a fine place for sauntering, and if reports be correct, the natural advantage of the coast are not neglected. Back of the head-land, the hills are covered with groups of Irish cottages, and the fields exhibit marks of a state of high cultivation. On the heights are several of those castles in ruins, which are so common all over the island. As these were the first we had ever seen, their rude, crumbling, and fantastic forms were regarded with an eye of curiosity.

The harbor of Kinsale is easy of access, the water deep, and completely land-locked by the eminences projecting on both sides of the river Bandon, on the left bank of which the town is situated. On the right, as you enter the basin, is fort Charles, a very strong and expensive work commanding the harbor, and at present garrisoned by a regiment. On the opposite side, are the ruins of an ancient fortress, where James the Second landed with an army from France, at the time he was driven from his own country and sought to regain his throne occupied by William of Orange. In the year 1690, the Fort was stormed by the Duke of Marlborough. It was a severe and bloody conflict, the Governor of Ireland being killed in the breach. In 1660, it was captured by the Spaniards. The work is now a mere ruin with its dilapidated ramparts mantled with ivy. Immediately after passing the point on which it stands, the town of Kinsale opens on the view, at the distance of only a few rods, standing upon an activity so steep, that the roofs of the houses on one street, are on a line with the basements of those above. The heights are planted with trees, and many of the houses have gardens in front, presenting a picturesque and romantic view from the basin, which spreads before the town and is covered with boats and vessels. Ships of war may ride to the very doors of some of the houses; and we were informed that the officers on deck sometimes converse with the ladies at the windows of their drawing-rooms.

The Lake of Guatavita, is famous in the legends of Colombia. Previously to the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, a large district, containing about a million of inhabitants, was subject to the Cacique of Guatavita; who there had a considerable capital, and kept an army of thirty thousand warriors, which caused him to be much respected by the neighboring tribes, who brought him and his people gold-dust in exchange for produce of their fields, they generally being cultivators of the soil. This Lagoon, situated between nine and ten thousand feet

above the level of the sea, and formed on the summit of a conical mountain, they considered as the residence of their protecting deity, to whom, from a religious motive, they thought it necessary to make offerings twice a year. In consequence of this, all the Cacique's subjects assembled at stated times, with their gold offerings; and forming in grand procession, advanced with music to the Lagoon, winding up the mountain by a well-designed broad road, conducting to the summit, a few feet below which were then washed by the water of the lake. Arrived there, the Cacique and the principal chiefs embarked in large canoes, by steps formed in that break; (pointing to a rent in the top of the mountain which the eye could just make out.) The people at the same time distributed themselves all around the Lagoon. On arriving at the centre, the chiefs anointed the Cacique, and powdered him over with a profusion of gold-dust; from which practice, in various parts of South America, has arisen the name El Dorado.

On a signal given, the multitude turned their backs on the Lagoon; and at the moment when the Cacique plunged into its bosom, they shouted, and threw in, over their shoulders, as far as they could, their offerings. This done, the Cacique landed, and returned to his capital, in the same manner as he came, considering that the sins of himself and people, committed during the last six months, were expiated. According to a calculation, made from a basis laid down by Monsieur de la Kier, of the Royal Institute of Paris, who particularly examined every document relating to the Lagoon, there ought to be gold and precious stones yet buried in it to the amount of one billion one hundred and twenty millions sterling. On the Spaniards conquering the country, they so severely persecuted the natives to obtain gold, that most of them threw what they had left into the Lagoon. The Cacique himself caused to be cast into the centre of it the burdens of fifty men, laden with gold.

Some of the chiefs, when afterwards taken prisoners, and ill used by the Spaniards, revenged themselves by saying, 'If it is gold you want, go and search the bottom of the Lagoon, and you will find sufficient there;' supposing the undertaking to be impossible. The Spaniards, however, attempted it; and had got within fourteen feet of the bottom, when the sides fell in with a tremendous crash; and the Lagoon having springs in it, the waters began to rise. The Spaniards however had time, by examining the banks, and washing the mud soil, to procure a sufficient sum to pay the government a quinta of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars (a quinta is three per cent.); and one emerald procured, and sent to Madrid, was alone valued at seventy thousand dollars. Several other attempts were made previously to the breaking out of the revolution; but none succeeded. At last, having a speculating turn, (continued my friend Pepe,) I determined to undertake it. Getting a grant from the executive government, I formed a company with sixteen shares, each person giving me five hundred dollars, in all eight thousand, which I thought would be sufficient; but unfortunately it has now cost me twenty thousand dollars, and there are still thirty-three feet of water left. Captain Cochran adds—

"An old Spaniard, sounding the centre, drew up with the lead a small branch of a tree, in the mud surrounding which was found a golden image, worth about one hundred dollars: so there is every reason to hope."

From the Auburn (N. Y.) Free Press.

THE PIANO.

As the last sweet notes of 'Home—sweet home,' floated round the dear circle, in which were concentrated a little world, or a little knot of beings who were all the world to each other, an audible sob broke the enchantment which this little song, accompanied by the sweet voice of my young friend, had cast around me. It burst from the bosom of one who had been severely disciplined in the school of adversity—one who beheld the wreck of all her youthful hopes, without one murmuring word against the God who guides the storm; but now the sudden reflection that she heard, for the last time, the soft melody of her beloved daughter's voice accompanying the melting tone of her piano—saw for the last time, her fingers sweep the speaking keys—beheld her youthful face glowing with animation and happiness, unconscious of the blow that awaited her, a sigh involuntarily escaped her, and the starting tear told of anguish. She saved Amelia's piano—it will break her heart to part with it. She thinks that she will no more sing and play to charm away my melancholy.

The unconscious girl closed the instrument, and remarked, 'did you observe, dear mamma, that my piano wants tuning? and will you allow Mr. N. to come and tune it to-morrow?'

A tear stole down the cheek of my respectable friend.

'Are you ill, my dear?' inquired Amelia, 'or has any thing new occurred to distress you? If so, do not hide it from me; for rest assured, no deprivation, no exertion, no suffering can afflict me like seeing you unhappy. I have just been thinking, as soon as my piano is tuned, I will beg Mrs. — to let me undertake to instruct her two little girls in the rudiments of music; and who knows, dear mother, but, in time, it will be in my power to support you, with the assistance of my valued instrument?'

I gazed for a moment, with feelings of surprise and admiration, on the glowing, animated face of the lovely, ingenious girl, and never felt my own want of fortune so keenly as at that moment. A silent ejaculation involuntarily rose to heaven, that the Almighty would open some way to save poor Amelia's piano from the fangs of a rapacious landlord. The hour for separation had already arrived; and after imprinting a warm kiss on Amelia's cheek, and whispering in the ear of my afflicted friend, 'Still trust in the Lord our God,' I left the house with feelings I cannot describe.

With the dawn I repaired to the auction-rooms, in — street, and waited impatiently the opening sales. The crowd was large, and several valuable articles of furniture and some elegant paintings were noticed in the hands of

I cast a glance over the rooms, and in one corner stood a female: an exquisite form; her face was hid from public view by a large calash—her head was averted, and rested against a window, out of which she appeared to be gazing at a busy-crowd below. Near her stood a piano. One glance was sufficient; I hastened to the spot; and, in a low voice, articulated, Amelia II—d, is this you?

The distressed girl clasped my arm, and burst into tears.

Yes, my good sir. I little thought, when you left us last evening, that our cruel landlord would this morning seize my piano, and bring it to be exposed for sale. O, my dear sir, cannot you devise some means to save it for me?

At this moment the auctioneer called for the instrument, and it was removed to the centre of the room for examination. Several gentlemen remarked that it was a sweet-toned instrument, but out of tune. The poor girl hung on my arm in silent grief.—The bidding commenced.—Foremost in the crowd stood the son of Mrs. II—d's detested landlord. He after some debate, bid twenty-four dollars! and there was a pause.—Near Amelia stood an interesting youth, evidently unconcerned in the event of the sale of the piano, examining some fine paintings that were soon to be exposed. The idea that this cold, unfeeling being was going to purchase, undisputed, this favorite, almost idolized article, for the trifling sum of twenty-four dollars! for a moment made her forget where she was, and she exclaimed—Must the only thing I value be sacrificed for this pitiful sum! without affecting one object!

The youth started—glazed on the beautiful girl one instant—and bid one hundred dollars! and the piano was immediately struck off to Mr. Seymour.

The moment the name of Seymour was called, my heart felt the sound, and I recollected the features of my old friend and companion in arms, Maj. HENRY SEYMOUR. I saw this young man was his own son, ever ready to answer to the calls of humanity.

The piano was ordered back to the humble dwelling of Mrs. H—d.

Heaven will reward you, sir! was all this lovely girl could articulate, when she heard this order.

One tune from its fair owner, is all the reward I ask," replied the young enthusiast.

He accompanied me to my grateful friend's habitation, where the sweet voice, and artless manners of Amelia completed the impression her beauty made upon his heart. A few short months saw her and an excellent parent restored to that rank they were made to adorn.

I often, in my daily rambles, call and take a look at the happy circle assembled round Seymour's fireside. AMELIA still plays "Home—sweet-home!" while her affectionate husband frequently remarks—"To that piano I am indebted for all my happiness!"

FROM THE MAINE GAZETTE.

ACTION FOR SLANDER.—At the Court of Common Pleas at Topsham, on Thursday and Friday last, was tried an action of Samuel W. Clark, Esq., against the Hon. John Dole, a Justice of the Court of Sessions for this county, for defamation by accusing the plaintiff of criminal conduct, fraud in his dealings, and concealing his property to cheat his creditors. Et cetera. Dole was counsel for the plaintiff, and Allen and L. Smith for the defendant. At April term the defendant obtained a continuance, on his affidavit "that many of the witnesses—by whom he should expect to prove the truth of a certain part of the charges," were then absent. On the trial, however, no justification was set up; but the defendant's counsel with great ability and persevering effort urged a mitigation of damages. It was strenuously attempted to be proved by the defendant, and strongly relied on, that the slanderous charge was uttered by him in a state of extreme exaltation by ardent spirits, but the plaintiff produced evidence that, three or four months afterwards, the defendant soberly repeated the accusation was true, and he could prove it. In a charge distinguished by legal discrimination, clearness and impartiality, the case was by Judge Smith committed to the jury, who returned a verdict for one thousand and fifty-eight dollars. By the second jury a verdict for five hundred dollars was returned against the same defendant for a defamatory charge against a married lady. Respectable damages, awarded by juries of our country, for injuries to character, do honor to the public morals; and evince that we have a yeomanry who know how to place a value on the most precious and sacred of all property—honest reputation.—*Appealed to the S. J. Court.*

The editor of the New York Mirror, offers the following premiums for literary productions:—
1st. For the best American Moral Tale, the length not to exceed three pages of this paper, \$20.
2d. For the best Poetical Address on any subject compatible with the plan of this publication, or any length, between f. 7 and one hundred and fifty lines, \$30.
3d. For the second best, \$20.

The merits of the same to be decided by a committee in the usual manner.
To be forwarded (post paid) to Messrs. Hopkins and Morris, No. 9, Nassau-street, on or before the first of January next.

The big Irishman named Mace, who arrived in this country a short time ago, is advertised for exhibition in Philadelphia. We have not seen the advertisement, but presume it is in the usual style of describing exhibitions thus; perhaps after the manner of the elephant.—The Irishman is the largest and most gigantic animal in the world, and is considered a very great curiosity. The one now offered is a male, 35 years old, measuring 8 feet 9 inches from snout to heel, and is the largest ever exhibited in this country. He is perfectly tame, and will amuse company with many specimens of his sagacity. He will draw a cork from a filled bottle, drink the contents, and return the empty bottle to his keeper. He will lie down, rise up, bow, and whistle at command, and answer the calls of his keeper, &c. &c. N. B. Good music on the hand-organ.—*Salem Gazette.*

A Bull.—At the last winter's session of the Legislature of Georgia, it was enacted, "That from and after the passing of this act, the June session of the Superior Court of Hancock county shall be commenced and holden on the third Monday in August next."—*S. C. Gazette.*

FOREIGN.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

As our paper was about going to press, we received by the packet-ship William Thompson, arrived this morning [6th inst.] from Liverpool, files of London papers to the 30th July. We have only time to select from them the following items: [A. Y. States.]

We have no certain news from Greece in the French papers. According to report, the recent losses of the Mahometans by sea have been greater than we were led to believe. It is said that the Captain Pacha was made prisoner at Mytelene. Ibrahim, with his Arabs, was near Calamata in a very critical situation.—The following are extracts:

[From the Etiole, dated Thursday, July 28.]
ZANTI, June 19.

[From the Augsburg Gazette.]

The Turks lost at Capo d'Oro, besides the Admiral's ship and other men of war which were burnt, 26 transports taken by the Greeks. Four of these transports were laden with lime, two with bricks and stone, one with nails and iron tools, one with planks, two with provisions, and sixteen with 100 pieces of cannon, shells and bombs; there were also on board these vessels some European engineers and artillerymen, who were with these materials to erect a fortress before Missolonghi, to effect the destruction of that place. All these transports have been carried into Napoli di Romania; it was said that the Captain Pacha had escaped on board a Turkish brigantine, but that he had been taken by the Greeks at Mytelene.

Ibrahim Pacha is near Calamata in a precarious situation; it is expected every hour that news will arrive that he has surrendered. The Greek army of Salona, after having repulsed a Turkish corps before that fortress, marched towards Missolonghi, and compelled the Turks to raise the siege.

The Turks had made a general attack on Missolonghi on the 17th June, but without success, and consequently with considerable loss.

The death of the Seraskier was spoken of, but a piece of news which seems more certain is, the death of General Doyor, who served in the army of Ibrahim Pacha, and whose wounds, received in the taking of the Island of Sphacteria, have proved fatal.

The *Augsburg Gazette* has the following news from Constantinople of 25th June:

The Reis Effendi, in the last conference, which he has had with the Foreign Minister, has declined, in the most positive manner, all mediation in favor of the Greeks. The Porte will not enter into any diplomatic discussion whatever on the affairs of Greece.

On board the great frigate which was blown up in the battle of Capo d'Oro, there was a crew of 600 men and 200 officers, most of them European, who were to direct the works at the siege of Missolonghi. The transports taken by the Greeks had on board the greater part of the train of artillery, also intended for the siege of Missolonghi. All these prizes have been taken to Hydra.

The Porte continually spreads favorable accounts respecting the operations of its armies by land, notwithstanding all the reports of the Greeks, which for some days past have announced the total defeat of the Turks near Salona.

PARIS, July 26.

Letters from Constantinople of the 28th June have the following particulars:

The accounts arrived this morning from the Morea, positively announce the defeat of IBRAHIM PACHA by Gen. COLOCOTRONI, now Director of the Executive Power of Greece.

The details of the naval battle between the Greek fleet and that of the CAPTAIN PACHA, inform us that the latter had three ships burnt, one of which was the frigate which had his treasures on board, and captured some transports, which had most of the ammunition and the rafts intended for the siege of Missolonghi.

The King of Spain has created a junta of Public Safety charged with making weekly reports on the disorders which may arise throughout the kingdom, on the causes of them, and on the means of preventing their recurrence.

The Madrid Gazette of July 14th, says—"Discussions of a very serious nature have taken place between our Ministry and the British Envoy, relative to the toleration, at Gibraltar, of the privateers of South America, and of pirates called Constitutional, which daily commit depredations injurious to the Spanish commerce and marine."

MADRID, July 14.

Mr. Nelson, Minister Plenipotentiary from the U. States, on presenting to the King his letters of recall, on the 11th inst. expressed to his Majesty the sincere desire of the President of the United States to preserve and consolidate the good understanding between the Government of Spain and that of the United States. After the example of Mr. Monroe, his predecessor, Mr. Adams, said his excellency, will embrace every opportunity that shall offer, during his administration, to prove the sincerity of his sentiments, by adopting all measures that may tend to increase and strengthen this good understanding.

There are still some points in dispute between the two nations, Mr. Adams places full confidence in the justice and upright dealings of his Majesty, and hopes these questions will be frankly and generously decided with Mr. Everett who succeeds Mr. Nelson.

MADRID GAZ.

LETTER FROM GREECE.—It will be recollected that Mr. Jonathan P. Miller, of the University of Vermont, was last year fitted out for Greece by the Greek Committee in Boston. Several letters from him have already been published in the Statesman. The Salem Register of yesterday contains another, newly received at Marblehead, dated at Napoli di Romania, March 17, 1825, from which we make the following extracts:—

[Boston States.]

"They, [the Greeks], are all eager for instruction, and are transported at the sight of a tract, or a bible. The peasantry are virtuous and modest, the merchants cunning, deceitful and intriguing; the soldiers brave, patient and strongly attached to liberty. I have given away several thousands of tracts, which I received of Mr. Temple, at Malta, to citizens, officers and soldiers—they are much pleased with reading these *fatthers*, as they call them, and I have frequently passed through the camp and seen one of the soldiers reading a tract, with ten or twelve others listening to hear him.

Schools are beginning to be established in all the principal towns and villages. A Mr. Edward Mason, a gentleman from Scotland, whose classical and religious character is of the highest cast, has devoted himself to the service of Greece. He is accompanied by a Greek, who has been two years in England, learning the Lancasterian system of Education, and who, by the grace of God, has become experimental, acquainted with the truths of the Gospel.

Dr. Howe, from Boston, does honor to his country, family and friends. His standard of morality is high. We all love him dearly. He has done much to relieve the sufferings of the wounded already.

I have been over the Olympic game ground, waded through the Acheus, been quartered in Argos, seen the tomb of Agamemnon, and famous Corinth; but without bread or accommodations, the classic fame of these places is not exactly so exhilarating as in the College Halls of America.

I wore the Albanian dress, and have traveled three hundred miles on foot, and carried my gun, dirk and pistols. Five nights I have slept on the ground, without any covering but my carpet, and during three of them it rained incessantly. In short, I have waded through rivers, climbed mountains amid the snows with my feet to the ground, been exposed to the Turks, and was once very near being cut up by those monsters, whose tender mercies are cruelly. I have fared like a Greek, and with the Greeks I am willing to suffer for the cause of religion and freedom. Call me in America a crusader, or what you like, my life is devoted to the overturning of the Turkish empire; and, if it be the will of God, I hope to see the downfall of the false prophet. God is on the side of the Greeks. 200,000 Turks have already lost their lives in this sanguinary contest. The campaign is again opening.—Let the Greeks and your unworthy friend have an interest in your prayers."

A royal Indian family, consisting of the king, queen, and infant prince, brought from the interior of Brazil, by prince Maximilian Wied-Neuwied, have arrived at Brussels. They are travelling in Europe, by permission of his Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with our manners, usages and religion. The name of the King is Aedola, who, with his tribe of Puris, being at war with the tribe of Botulados, killed their king, and his queen, by right of war, became the prize of Aedola.

TEXAS.—Gen. Wilkinson, it appears by the Arkansas Gazette, has procured a grant for a large tract of land in the Province of Texas, and wishes to settle it with a body of honest and well-disposed Americans. He contemplates establishing a colony at the Bay of Trinity, on the Sabine River, forty-five miles from Natchitoches, but as the emigrants from the United States to the Province have heretofore met with little else but disappointments, the inducements must be very powerful to attract any considerable number of adventurers to the new establishment.

DOMESTIC.

WISCONSIN, Sept. 9.

Serious Accident.—On Monday afternoon last, while some people were employed in blowing a ledge at the foot of State-street, near this office, the rock having been heavily charged, principally in a crevice, with about 7 lbs. of powder, a scintillation was produced by a steel-plate shovel employed in stopping the crevice, which caused a violent explosion while a number were on and near the rock. By this accident, Mr. Joseph Chase, of Pittsfield, (N. H.) the head workman, was dreadfully mangled, and died in less than two hours after. Ten others, (seven men and three boys,) were more or less hurt.—On Wednesday, the work was resumed, and another accidental explosion happened, while Mr. Alfred Fisher (fortunately the only one present) was charging the rock,—he was severely wounded.

Shipwreck.—The brig Lydia, Capt. McKown, of Wisconsin, was totally lost at Guadaloupe, on the 6th ultimo. Capt. McKown communicates the following account of the disaster:—About 9, A. M. the brig was drove from her anchors in a tornado, and in 30 minutes upset. Himself and five men, viz: John Myers, second mate, John Smith, George Briggs, James Bryant, and Henry White, seamen, were carried overboard.—The Captain got into the foretop cross-trees, the others were all lost. After remaining about an hour in the foretop, the foremast went by the deck—he then got into the maintop, and in a short time the mainmast also went by the deck—he then got on the wreck—the brig had driven near the Saints, when the wind changed from NNW to SSE, and continued to blow very hard. The brig drove ashore on the Isle of Pigeon, and when within fifty yards, the Captain, mate, and three men succeeded in swimming to the shore—Sanson Jones, the last man who left the brig, was drowned in the attempt.

Curious Speculation.—Charles Stewart, (a black,) cook of the ship Tamerlane of this port, purchased at Charleston, S. C. as an adventure, a *Rattlesnake* and eight *Alligators*, for \$15, and on his arrival at Liverpool, (in July last) sold them for 421. 10s. (\$163. 92 1/2).

READING, Aug. 16.

Surgical Operation.—On the first of this month we witnessed, in common with several other spectators, at Mr. Abraham Levan's tavern, in this borough, an operation for *blindness*, with a result so brilliant, and in a case so interesting, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying it before our readers. The subject was a boy, aged about seven years, from a remote part of this county, and a son of a respectable farmer. From the child's mother, who was present, we learned, that at the age of six or seven months, when children usually begin to direct their hands to different objects, it was first observed that the boy was blind. Believing the case incurable, his parents were resigned to his fate. A few weeks ago, however, a medical gentleman, who had lately settled in the neighborhood, pronounced the case *congenital Cataract*, and advised the parents of the child to place him under the care of Dr. Isaac Heister, of Reading, who, he told them had repeatedly operated in similar cases with success. They did so and were not disappointed.

When we saw the patient, the Doctor had already completely succeeded in imparting vision to one of the eyes, on which he operated 5 days before. The effect of the operation we witnessed like that of the other eye, as related by the mother, was like enchantment. To see a fellow-being excluded from the world as it were, by a state of total blindness, suddenly brought to light to the enjoyment of vision, by a skillful direction of the human hand, was a spectacle truly delightful.

It was interesting to observe, when the bandage was removed, on the third day of the operation, the readiness with which the little fellow distinguished objects and colors, and his ignorance, at the same time, of their names which he had, of course, yet to learn. The only object he recognized, of many that were presented to him, was a pair of scissors, whose name he recollected, it should seem, by reason of their peculiar form, having been accustomed often to amuse himself with this instrument, while in a state of blindness.

BEAR FRONT.—On Saturday last, as Mr. Robert Turner, of Windham, (N. Y.) was returning from the field to his house, he discovered a large Bear in an adjoining field, waging war with his cows, who though unaccustomed to an antagonist of this kind, maintained their ground with great bravery, attacking the

bear incessantly. Bruin awaited their attack with the same coolness that the Friar of "the great unknown" did that of Richard Cour de Lion, but like the former, he was overthrown in the contest. Unwilling that his cows should be thought to possess more courage than himself, Mr. Turner, (who, by the way, was never before suspected of having much of the fight about him,) armed himself with an axe and attacked the bear, who finding himself assaulted in this uncereimonious manner by a new antagonist, turned upon him and fought with a desperation inspired by the consciousness, that life was at stake; while on the other hand our hero urged the strife under the full conviction that the bear's time had come. Bruin battled well to the very last, when finding no hope of victory left, he crossed the road, attempting to reach the mountain on the opposite side. He turned to take a lingering look as he passed on, no doubt meditating on the subject of the great State Road, and reflecting that the vast improvements that would follow its completion, would forever forbid his paying it another visit in safety; but unfortunately that moment was his last.

Disregarding his meditations and the melancholy associations they must have inspired, Mr. Turner aimed the fatal blow that put a period to his existence. His untimely end was much regretted by the sportsmen, as they hoped in their full hunt to have transferred him from his habitation among the mountains to the dining hall of Mr. Tuttle. Within the last week many other bears have been seen along the route of the State Road, as surveyed by the commissioners. Their appearance is considered by the knowing ones a favorable omen, they having no doubt come to pay a farewell visit to the ground they have so often traversed in safety; but which they are not henceforth to consider as their own.—*Cutshall Recorder.*

BRATTLEBORO', (Vt.) Aug. 20.

Singular Incident in Ornithology.—A gentleman of this town of the first respectability, has given us an account of the following singular circumstance; which demonstrates the natural affection of birds for their young, and the sagacity with which many of the smaller animals of our country seize upon their prey. The gentleman, while passing through an orchard, was attracted by the extraordinary notes and fluttering of birds; and on looking up into a tree for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the strange noise, discovered two robins in pursuit of a red squirrel, which being warmly attacked, the "feathered enemy" soon let his prey fall to the ground; when it was discovered that the squirrel had actually made bold to attack and rob the nest of the robins of one of their young, with which he would have made his escape had it not been for the drubbing he received from the parent birds. The squirrel was soon after shot—the injured bird returned to the nest, where two nestlings had been left, and the "notes of the songsters" soon denoted the return of tranquility.

Printing Press.—I stated some time ago that I had completed a small steam press, or a press to work with lever power and with sufficient rapidity to produce 2,000 impressions per hour, but could not discover a satisfactory mode of supplying my ink rollers, and solicited the co-operation of some of my Yankee brethren. A Mr. W. H. Hale, who hails I understand from Boston, and is a silversmith, called upon me and soon removed the difficulty by the formation of an ink trough, which supplying one roller, communicated the ink rapidly to the other roller; and after a short time my model was complete, and is so simple and efficacious, and works with so much ease that 2,500 impressions may be thrown off in an hour, and by the introduction of a heavy fly wheel: the press is worked by a crank, and with the labor of one hand and two boys to feed the cylinder with paper—thus dispensing the necessity of steam, water or horse power. Mr. Hale shall share the profits of the invention, for which a caveat is entered, and I have no doubt that it will supersede all other presses, as the cost will be very reasonable. *Nash's Advocate.*

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—An attempt is making in Massachusetts to establish an Agricultural Institution for preparing young men for a life of agricultural pursuits. In this age of professions, when every boy, whose parents can scrape money enough together to buy a *diploma*, must have a profession, we think no plan could be more useful. Only make agriculture a *profession*, (in the *polite* sense of the word,) and it will be the most honorable in the world's estimation, as it is in fact in the eye of wisdom, of all the callings of men. The plan is the most laudable undertaking we have seen. Agriculture is a science, the most useful, healthful and delightful, of all the departments of human employment, and only requires to be taught in a scientific manner, to make it sought after with more avidity than any other of the learned professions.—*Balt. Patriot.*

Hartford.—Within a work or a fortnight, there have been more thefts and burglaries committed in this city, than we have heard of in it for a year before. No property of any consequence has been stolen or destroyed, and that perhaps is the reason that so little has been done or attempted to detect and punish the authors of these depredations. We are inclined to think that there is a gang of thieves in town, and that they are strangers; for all these outrages have come at once, after months of exemption; and besides, the places chosen for plunder, show the ignorance of those who are in search of it.—*Mirror.*

Swindling.—A man, named Henry Spencer Allen, is advertised in the Elizabethtown, N. J. paper, and a reward of \$50 is offered for his apprehension. It seems he recently married a young lady in Essex County, and after swindling her and her family out of some hundred dollars, absconded, since which it has been ascertained that he has another wife or two living.—*B. States.*

Domestic Manufactures.—The Baltimore Gazette states, that very excellent American Carpeting is for sale in that city, which, for brilliancy of coloring, tasteful patterns, and superior fabric, may justly vie in competition with the best of other countries. It is from a manufactory in Virginia, and its price so moderate as to induce economists to prefer it to imported.—*H.*

Sickness in New-Jersey.—A letter from Moorestown, (N. J.) says "the fever which has existed here for two or three weeks, is increasing around the country, but not in our town. Some cases have approached very near yellow fever. Dr. S. had one yesterday with the black vomit, near a mill-pond drawn off about three weeks since."

THE

PARIS, (ME.)

STATE ELECTORAL

Electoral in the

were as follows:

For Governor—

For Senate—

Hon. Corwin

Gen. Levi H.

Joseph Howard

Hon. James W.

Foster C. A. V.

Hon. Samuel J.

Gen. John T.

For Rep.

Col. Simon C.

Rev. James H.

Scattering.

The following

when our paper

Norway, 6

Woodstock, 2

Woburn, 6

Portland, 43

Gardiner, 13

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THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1825.

STATE ELECTION.—On Monday last was the General Election in this State. The votes in this town were as follows:

For Governor—ALBION K. PARRIS,	149
For Senators.	
Hon. Cornelius Holland,	146
Gen. Levi Hubbard,	99
Joseph Howard, Esq.,	23
Hon. James W. Ripley,	12
John C. Virgin, Esq.,	2
Hon. Samuel Small,	2
Gen. John Turner,	2
For Representative.	
Col. Simon Cummings,	122
Rev. James Hooper,	98
Scattering,	1

The following were the only towns heard from when our paper went to press:

Towns	Holland	Hubbard	Virgin	Clark
Norway,	62	25	23	43
Woodstock,	24	25	19	4
Hebron,	60	62	34	23
Portland,	491			
Gardiner,	135			

REPRESENTATIVES CHOSEN.

Paris,	Col. Simon Cummings.
Norway,	Uriah Holt, Esq.
Hebron,	Stephen Myrick, Esq.
	Isaac Adams, Esq.
Portland,	Hon. Stephen Longfellow,
	Samuel Fessenden, Esq.
Gardiner,	George Evans, Esq.

No News.—It is next to impossible to make a paper particularly interesting at this time, although we ply our scissors with additional exertions. We assure our readers it is not our fault that there is no more news in our paper; we spare no pains in examining all the papers we receive, and in selecting every article we think would be of any advantage to us, or them. If we want foreign articles to fill our paper, we have hard work to select any of importance, except from the once Classic Ground of Greece; and from that quarter our information is so contradictory, we can not confide in it. We think however, though there are no means left untried by *Despots* and *Tyrants*, to smother the legitimate rights of man, and bind on their subjects the chords of ignorance and oppression, the glorious cause of Freedom will ultimately triumph; and the sighing Greek, ere long shall taste that Liberty and Equality which belong to the just and equal rights of nations.

CARTER'S LETTERS.—We mentioned sometime since that NAT'L. H. CARTER, Esq. one of the Publishers and Proprietors of the *Statesman*, in New-York City, had gone to Europe.—He arrived there some weeks since. We published, in our last paper, one of his letters written to his co-partner of the *Statesman* while on the voyage across the *Atlantic*. We, this week, copy another, written since his arrival; and we feel confident we cannot fill our columns with any thing more entertaining to our readers generally, or of as much more information; as they respect the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the several places he will visit in his tour. Mr. Carter, is an excellent scholar, possessing a genius peculiarly adapted for giving information of this kind. And as the Editors of the *Statesman* have the goodness and liberality to exchange papers with us, we shall be enabled to treat our readers with the rich repast afforded by their industry and perseverance.

NEW IMPROVEMENT.—We have in our possession a specimen of shingles, sawn by a Machine invented by a Mr. Goddard. We understand that the machine is of a very simple construction, the expenses of making them being not more than one hundred dollars each; and of such model as not to get out of order. There is one improvement deserving notice, it makes each shingle of a like thickness, which is not the case, we believe, with most of machines. Gentlemen who wish, may see the specimen by calling at our office.

STAGE REGISTER.—We have received the second number of Messrs. BADGER & PORTER'S *Stage Register*. It contains a list of one hundred and forty-six stages of Stages, and of several Steam Boats and Canal Packets, with the names of the owners generally—the days and hours of starting, with rates of fare. The Publishers are certainly deserving of something more than the mere thanks of the public for their laborious undertaking. The Register is now published once in two months, in an octavo form, handsomely stitched in a neat cover; on which the publishers propose to insert advertisements of "Stage Houses, Hotels, and Public Inns." They state that all advertisements ordered on the cover of the Register, shall receive, at least, one insertion gratis in the *Traveller*.

MORE WONDERS.—It may be truly said that we live in an age of wonders, and should Solomon revisit the earth he would modify his former saying—there is "no new thing under the sun." We never viewed his error in a stronger light than we did a few days since in reading an account of a married couple in England, who, after having had two children, were discovered to be both females!!! We must confess that we do not believe such strange things took place in the "wise man's" day; it would certainly be the fifth thing "too wonderful" for him.—Not long since a lad, who had worked in Portland for sometime, proved on examination to be a burton lass of sixteen!! This hardly equals the other story; but it is nearer home.

GEORGIA.—Since the commencement of the difficulties betwixt the Indians and Gov. Troup, it has been proposed to support Mr. CHAWWORTH as a candidate for their next Governor, against Gen. Clark.

COMMODORE PORTER.—We learn that this distinguished officer has obtained leave of absence during his suspension from the Naval service of the United States. He is allowed full pay and rations during the time.

LIBERALITY.—Our readers doubtless recollect, that while Gen. LAFAYETTE was at *Waterloo*, (N. Y.) a Capt. Parsons was killed by the bursting of a swivel, which was fired on the occasion. Captain Parsons was a respectable citizen of *Waterloo*, and had an aged mother who depended on him for her support. After the General had learnt the particulars of the accident and the situation of the family, he remitted the sum of one thousand dollars for her relief. The donation is announced in the following letter to Mr. Gamage, of Auburn:

Washington, August 3d, 1825.
My Dear Sir—I much regret the delay of my answer to your kind letter, June 18, and also the circumstances which have deferred the condoling tribute of sympathy of the unfortunate Mrs. Parsons, as well as the transmission of a small offer I have taken the liberty of making her. I have understood from a friend of the family, that arrangements had been made by her son, which would be defeated were they not enhanced by him. A sum of \$1000 being fully equal to that purpose, I have taken the liberty to send it to the Postmaster at *Waterloo*, with my letter to Mrs. Parsons, with whom he is particularly acquainted. Receive my best thanks and good wishes, my dear sir, and believe me most sincerely your friend,
LAFAYETTE.

G. A. GAMAGE, Esq.
Auburn, State of N. Y.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The Annual Commencement of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, was held on Wednesday the 7th instant. Thirty-seven young gentlemen received the degree of A. B.; a number somewhat larger than has graduated at any former commencement. The day was fine, and an unusual concourse of people assembled; some for amusement, some for literary entertainment, and some, no doubt, with anxious solicitude to witness the first public exhibition of the genius of a favorite child or a hopeful and endeared brother. This is, perhaps, a day in the year above others calculated to excite peculiar interest in the great mass of the good people of our State.—An occasion calling together the lovers of learning and taste, and the patriotic and well-wishers to those institutions, which are the ornament and security of the Republic.

In a large Class, where all acquit themselves with honor, it would be both invidious and difficult to particularize merit. We do not often, in an extensive forest of lofty pines, find one towering greatly above the others; neither do we expect in a large Class of good scholars, or in a large body of enlightened men, to find individuals eminently distinguished above his associates. To be great among the great is the highest ambition of a noble mind. There has not, in the recollection of the writer, graduated, a Class, so free from faults, either in oratory or composition, as that of 1825. Simplicity in manner as well as style, in our orators, seems best to comport with the present state of society and the nature of our government.

The topics, discussed on this occasion, were, many of them, adapted to the popular feeling of the times; yet we witnessed no unavailing efforts to carry the mind or imagination beyond the limits of philosophy and truth. In style, there was enough of both elegance and severity, to give expression to manly sentiment and benevolent feeling. The whole exhibition of talent and improvement was such as to reflect high honor on the institution and its government; and should the good citizens of our State bestow that patronage, as well in their individual as legislative capacities, which policy and expediency seem to require, we doubt not, that Bowdoin College will shortly stand equal, in rank, with any literary institution in the Union.

A circumstance, which might have collected a greater audience than usual, was that of the organization of a branch, or as I believe it is termed, an Alpha of the *Phi Beta Kappa Society*, which took place on the day following the Commencement. This Society, if we may judge from the character of its members, generally, is one of high literary standing, and will give additional interest to the institution. Having organized, about 12 o'clock, the Society proceeded to the meeting-house, where an Address was delivered by Judge Mellen, and a Poem by Professor Upham; and if we may estimate the merit of performances from the universal plaudits of a literary audience, we think they must have been, on this occasion, almost above verbal praise. The Address, although clothed with language rich, choice, and highly elegant, we apprehend, derives not its principal merit from the aid of ornament derived from the treasures of classic literature. The object of the orator seemed rather to instruct and persuade us into those great and important duties of life, calculated for the honor and happiness of society, than to treat us with the flowers of Rhetoric, the dainties of literature, or projects of Utopian speculation.

Of the Poem, we would not say much, because we cannot speak the language, which might do it justice, as we possess neither "thoughts that breathe nor words that burn." Whoever heard it will long recollect with what delight his mind was led to review the scenes of early life, the fond attachments of youth, the beauty and happiness of virtuous friendship, and all the "kindred train which charity and philosophy foster." Of these performances, however, we would forbear further remark, as we presume they will in due season be presented to the public.

Mr. Bowen, of Boston, proposes issuing a weekly newspaper under the title of the "City Record and Boston News Letter," to be printed in an octavo form, 16 pages to each number.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

The following were the Order of Exercises at the annual Commencement of this institution on Wednesday 7th instant.

For the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Salutary Oration in Latin. Samuel-Page Benson, Winthrop.
Conference.—The comparative Influence of Wealth, Education, and Natural Disposition in promoting personal Happiness. Richmond Bradford, Turner; William Hale, Dover; (N. H.); Cullen Sackett, Norridgewock.
Dissertation.—The public services of 'Alexander Hamilton. Cyrus-Hamlin Coolidge, Canton.
Conference.—The writings of Byron, Scott, and Irving. John-Sterens-Cabot Abbot, Brunswick; John-Dafforne Kineman, Portland; Seward Wyman, North Yarmouth.
Dissertation.—Henry Kirke White. Edward-Joseph Vose, Augusta.
Dissertation.—Character and Influence of the Druids. Thomas Ayer, Plastow, (N. H.).
Poem.—The Hour of Parting. Frederick Mellen, Portland.
Colloquy.—The probable Result of Efforts for the Emancipation of Slaves. Charles-Jeffrey Abbot, Castine; Charles Snell, Winthrop.
Discussion.—The civil Liberty enjoyed by a citizen of Athens. Hezekiah Packard, Wiscasset.
Eulogy.—Pulaski. Joseph-Jenkins Eccleth, Augusta.
Literary Discussion.—The Effects of the late struggles in Greece and South America, on Literature and Liberty. George-Barrell Cheever, Hallowell; George-Washington Pierce, Baldwin.
Oration.—Native Writers. Henry-Wadsworth Longfellow, Portland.
Deliberative Discussion.—The Effects of Fictitious Writings on Morals. Jonathan Cilley, Nottingham, (N. H.); Nathaniel Dunn, Poland.
Disquisition.—The Moral Sublime. Eugene Weld, Brunswick.
Oration.—The probable Progress of Society. James-Ware Bradbury, Parsonsfield.
Forensic Disputation.—Whether the Safety of our Government is endangered by Extent of Territory? Alden Bogniton, Wiscasset; David Shepley, Norridgewock.
Valedictory Oration.—The Influence of Government on Literature. Josiah-Stover Little, Newbury, (Mass.).

For the Degree of Master of Arts.

Oration. Sylvanus-Waterman Robinson, A. B.
Valedictory Oration in Latin. John Appleton, A. B.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.

On Wednesday the 31st ult. the Waterville College held its annual commencement. The exercises were as follows:

An Oration.—Progress of Republican Principles. Thomas W. Merrill.
An Oration.—South American Republics. Arthur Thompson.
An Oration.—The advantages which would probably result from a successful termination of the Grecian conflict. John Hovey.
A Disquisition.—British Possessions in India. Benjamin Hobart.
A Dispute.—Are capital punishments consistent with the genius of our Government? F. G. Macomber and Joshua Randall.
An Oration.—Political Emulation. Harrison A. Smith.
An Oration.—Pleasures of Philosophical Speculations. Wm. Glover.
A Poem.—Palestine. Alonzo King.
Address by President CHAPMAN.
Advantages which our country affords to the exercise of genius; and Valedictory Addresses. John O'B. Chaplin.
There were eleven graduates who received the degree of A. B.; three received that of A. M.; and the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Rev. Daniel Lovejoy and Rev. J. Tripp.—We understand about twenty have entered.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MILITARY REVIEWS.

I have taken notice that crowds of Females attend our Regimental Musters. Is it becoming the fair sex to be present at such seasons of dissipation? They are not pressed into the service, but they are exposed to be squeezed and pressed more or less in their attendance. At the approaching season of the military operations may they fear that some of them may be surprised with such a muster as it is said last year one female found, who was obliged to leave the field and be carried to an adjoining grove and be delivered of a young recruit for the militia, or one who at some future day may follow the example of her mother.

Married.

In Philadelphia, Mr. James Bolton, of New-York, aged 74, to Miss Catherine Orrell, aged 16.
In Seasmont, Mr. Richards, aged 16, to Miss Catherine Howard, aged 14.
At Baton Rouge, Mr. Henry Collins, aged 61, to Miss Fanny Innes, aged 14.

Died.

In Bethel, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Rev. Charles Frost.
In Portland, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Mr. John Fuller, jr. aged 26.
In Princeton, (Mass.) David Rice, Esq. aged 63.
In Taunton, Mrs. Rebecca Talbot, aged 34.
In Concord, (N. H.) Doct. Moses Chandler, aged 36 years, son of Joseph Chandler, Esq. of Fryeburg. He was a man who deservedly had the esteem of all who knew him.
In Newburyport, Mr. Daniel Robinson, aged 34—a patriot of the revolution.
In Chilmark, (Martha's Vineyard,) Martha, infant daughter of Jereh Hillman.
In Sarnpit, in the vicinity of Georgetown, (S. C.) Thomas Brit, aged 15. He was a soldier in the Cherokee war more than ninety years ago—since which time he was engaged in the French war, when the new United States were British Colonies, and was a bold assertor of the freedom we now enjoy during the tedious struggle of the American revolution.
At Mogadore, (Africa,) Rals Bel Cassine, so well known by the character given him by Capt. Riley.
In Missouri, His Excellency Frederick Bates, Governor of the State—and Judge Pettibone, of the same State.
CHARLES ROSS, Aug. 17.—Another distinguished Hero of the Revolution—a most firm and enlightened Statesman—a Patriot beyond suspicion and without reproach—the model, throughout his life, whether public or private, of a pure and virtuous citizen and magistrate—the wise associate of the ancestors of our liberty, the bright and immortal example of all ingenious youth, who would identify their names with their country's honor and happiness, CHARLES COTES-WORTH PISKINEY, is no more. Our feelings on this melancholy event, restrain us from speaking further.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

ASA BARTON,
AGENT.

BEING about to alter his line of business, will sell the residue of the GOODS which he has now on hand at cost, and some articles even less! if applied for immediately.

—THE STOCK CONSISTS OF—

Shirtings—Ginghams—Checks—Yarns—Threads—Calicoes—Muslins—Dimities—Irish Linens—British Shirtings—Caroline Plaids—Silk, Valencia and other Vestings—Bombazettes—Jeans—Nankies—Red, Green and Yellow Flannels—Ladies' Worsted and Cotton Hose—Handkerchiefs—Berkly, White and Fancy Cravats—Gentlemen's and Ladies' Gloves—Laces—Insertings—Ruffs—Swiss Muslin, and Merino Points.

—A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF—

Ribbons—Zelias and Fancy Handkerchiefs—Tapes—Floss, Changeable and other Silks—Crape Dresses—Canton Crapes—Gauze Veils—Black Silk Lace—Quality Bindings—French Braids—Pocket Books—Ladies' Wallets—Memorandum Books—Purses—Clasps—Scissors—Pen and Jack Knives—Razors—Table and Tea Spoons—Carving Knives and Forks—Block Tin Tea Pots—Pocket Looking Glasses—Buttons, &c. &c.

Be Particular.

ALL persons indebted to the Oxford Bookstore, either by Note or Account, (whose term of credit has expired,) for Goods or Books, are requested to make immediate payment—as all demands of this description must be closed without delay.
Paris, Sept. 15th.

FOR SALE—CHEAP.

A NEW Regimental Uniform COAT, EPAULETTS, SASH, and HOLSTERS.
Inquire of JONATHAN BEMIS, Junr.
Paris, Sept. 8.

BOARDERS WANTED.

THE subscriber can accommodate, at reasonable charges, from fifteen to twenty BOARDERS, during the Sessions of the Court of Common Pleas, at its approaching and following Terms.
ISAAC FROST, Junr.
Paris, Sept. 8.

FOR SALE.

CENTRALLY situated in *Turner Village*, about one half acre of LAND, lying between the main road running through said Village and Twenty Mile River—Together with an elegant two-story DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD HOUSE and one half of a LARGE STABLE situated thereon, and a good WELL of WATER. Said Stand is a rare chance for any mechanic, being the centre of the town, and situated near three Stores, Saw-mill, Grist-mill, Carding-machine, Oil-mill, Fulling-mill, &c. It also affords a good stand for a Trader or an Innholder. Purchasers would do well to call and see for themselves; and as the subscriber is about closing his business to remove from town, they may depend upon very fair terms and pay made easy. Those who calculate to purchase, are wished to call before the first of October, as the property if not sold before that time, will be disposed of in a different manner.
ISAAC BONNEY, 2d.
Turner Village, August 8, 1825. 61

STRAY STEER.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, a brindle two-year old Steer, with a white face.—The owner is requested to come and take him away.
DAVID CLIFFORD.
Paris, August 29th. 61

Almanack for 1826.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the gross, dozen or single, THE MAINE FARMERS' ALMANACK, for the year of our Lord 1826.

—ALSO—
Just received a fresh supply of Anderson's Cough Drops—a most valuable medicine for persons afflicted with a Cough or Consumptive complaints.
Likewise—Dr. Relf's Asthmatic Pills and Botanical Drops; Dean's Rheumatic Pills, &c.

COPY OF CERTIFICATE

OF HIRAM SWALLOW TO AXEL SPALDING.
Buckfield, August 23, 1825.
I HEREBY acknowledge and certify that Mr. AXEL SPALDING, of said town, whom I have accused of being an accomplice with me in stealing money from Mr. ENOCH CROCKER, on the night of the 19th instant, is innocent; that he had no part or concern in the affair; that I was compelled, from a combination of peculiar circumstances, to implicate him when he was innocent.—And I further certify that I planned, concerted, and carried into execution the crime without the aid or participation of any person—in presence of God and these witnesses.
Attest,
HIRAM SWALLOW.

ELIPHALET PACKARD,
ZADOC LONG,
WILLIAM BRIDGHAM, Jr.
JOHN SHAW,
GEORGE BRIDGHAM,
LEONARD SPALDING,
WILLIAM COLE.

THE undersigned inhabitants of *Buckfield*, certify, that we believe Mr. AXEL SPALDING had no act, part, or concern in the theft committed on the night of the 19th instant.—Mr. Spalding has, from a child, sustained an unblemished, moral character; has transacted business for several persons in the Village; in every instance, has conducted with strict propriety, and still deservedly possesses our undiminished confidence and respect.

DANIEL CHASE, } Select'm of
AARON PARSONS, } *Buckfield*.
JOHN LORING,
LUCIUS LORING,
JOHN SHAW,
JAMES JEWETT,
ENOCH CROCKER,
DOMINICUS RECORD,
ZADOC LONG,
NATHAN ATWOOD,
ELIPHALET PACKARD,
WILLIAM COLE,
ENOCH HALL,
WILLIAM BRIDGHAM, Jr.

Buckfield, August 27, 1825. 61
JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Foolscap, Pot, and Wrapping PA-PER, of good quality. Sept. 15.

POETRY.

THE SICK CHILD.

A MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

He sleeps!—the infant sufferer sleeps—
Unconscious of the bitter pain,
The anxious watch a mother keeps;
The sighs she would repress—in vain,
While o'er his couch she leans and weeps,
Fast as the drops of summer rain!

He sleeps!—nor dreams he of the care
That rends a mother's aching breast,
He hears not the low murmur'd prayer;
(Where hope seems wrestling with despair)
That asks not life—while others rest.

He hears it not:—"Oh, God! (she cries,)
Give me to bear this infant's pain,
I'll murmur not—so those sweet eyes
Awake in health and joy again;
And light will seem my agonies,
So that his lips may not complain!"

Yond mourner! know'st thou not, in love,
In mercy, was this chastening sent,
By Him who rules and reigns above,
Some greater evil to remove,
And not for wrathful punishment?

Perchance, to show thy heart how frail
Are the best hopes we cling to here;
To warn thee, by that cheek so pale,
And that fair brow, as marble clear,
How early death may rend the veil
That covers our existence here!

To teach thee—shouldst thou suffer live
To train him for a world more pure!
Not for the honors earth can give,
(They only glitter to deceive.)
But make his heavenly calling sure.

Perchance, 'twas sent to bid thy heart,
That too much worshipp'd earthly things,
Embrace the wiser, better part,
To which no worldly passion clings!
To show how weak, how frail thou art,
How vain the blessings fortune brings!

Deem it not hard;—Heaven doth approve
The feelings of a soul like thine;
For sacred is a mother's love,
And angels wait such sighs above,
As off'rings at Religion's shrine.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE SEPTEMBER FOREST.

Within a wood I lay reclin'd,
Upon a dull September day,
And listen'd to the hallow wind,
That shook the frail leaves from the spray.

I thought me of its summer pride,
And how the sod was gemm'd with flowers,
And how the river's azure tide,
Was overarch'd with leafy bowers.

And how the small birds caroll'd gay,
And lattice-work the sunshine made,
When last upon a summer-day,
I stray'd beneath the woodland shade.

And now!—it was a startling thought,
And dash'd like lightning o'er the mind—
That, like the leaves, we pass to nought,
Nor, parting, leave a track behind!

Go—trace the church-yard's hallow'd mound,
And as among the tombs ye tread,
Read, on the pedestal's around,
Memorials of the vanish'd dead.

They lie'd like us—they breath'd like us—
Like us they lov'd, and smil'd, and wept;
But soon their hour arriving, thus
From earth like autumn-leaves were swept.

Who, living, care for them?—not one!
To earth are their dissep'd claims;
To new inheritors have gone
Their habitations, and their names!

Think on our childhood—where are they,
The beings that begot us then!
The lion, death, hath dragg'd away,
By turns, the victim to his den!

And springing round, like vernal flowers,
Another race with vigor burns,
To bloom awhile—ten years, or hours—
And then to perish in their turns.

Then be this wintry grove to me,
An emblem of our mortal state:
And from each lone and leafless tree,
So wither'd, wild, and desolate.

This moral lesson let me draw,—
That earthly means are vain to fly
Great Nature's universal law,
And that we all must come to die!

However varied, these alone
Abide the lofty and the less—
Remembrance, and a sculptured stone,
A green grave—and forgetfulness!

VARIETY.

[The following advertisement we insert in our paper without fee or reward, for the benefit of some of our fair readers, and perhaps correspondents. We would wish, both to oblige the gentleman, and please the ladies.]

A WIFE WANTED!!!—A gentleman whose age does not exceed 25, without fortune, or a great share of personal attraction, is desirous of entering the holy banns of wedlock, provided he can meet with a lady "willing to join hands," of the following description:—She must be of unexceptionable character and parentage, possess a liberal education, and be well bred, not less than 16 nor over 20 years of age, good figure and agreeable features. Exquisite beauty is not essential, but will not, by any means, be an objection. A tolerable fortune is indispensable, as the gentleman desirous to dispose of himself, cannot afford to make an even trade.

Of bad qualities, nature has no doubt given him a plentiful share. If he possess good, his partner (if he gets one) will be able to discern and appreciate them. No exception will be made to a lady of high temper, on the contrary it will be a recommendation, second only to fortune.—A woman who does not assume and exercise her rights is unworthy to be any man's wife. A soft, easy, good natured female may serve as a toy, but can never command the respect, esteem, or love of a sensible man.

Communications from persons who answer

the above description, (none others need apply,) may be left at this office, to which prompt attention will be paid, if sealed and addressed to A. Z. Petersburg, (Va.) Adv.

QUANTITY OF BLOOD IN ANIMALS.

Those who have not considered the subject must be surprised at the quantity of blood which passes through the heart of any moderately-sized animal in the course of twenty-four hours. In man, the quantity of blood existing in the body at any given moment, is probably from 30 to 40 pints. Of these, an ounce and a half, or about three table-spoonfuls, are sent out at every stroke; which multiplied into 75, (the average rate of the pulse,) give 1125 ounces, or seven pints, in a minute; i. e. 420 pints; or 25 1-2 gallons, in an hour, and 1260 gallons, i. e. nearly 24 hogsheds, in a day. Now, if we recollect that the whale is said to send out from its heart at each stroke 15 gallons, the imagination is overwhelmed with the aggregate of the quantity that must pass through the heart of that animal in 24 hours. It is a general law that the pulse of the larger animals is slower than that of the smaller; but even if we put the pulse of the whale so low as 20 in the minute, the quantity circulated through the heart, calculated at 15 gallons for each pulsation, will be 432,000, equal to 8000 hogsheds in 24 hours! The consideration of this amazing quantity is, however, a subject of mere empty wonder, if not accompanied with the reflection, that, in order to produce the aggregate amount, the heart is kept in constant motion; and that, in fact, it is incessantly beating, as it is termed, or throwing out the blood into the arteries, from the first period of our existence to the moment of our death, without any sensation of fatigue, or even without consciousness, excepting under occasional corporeal or mental agitation.—Dr. Kinn. Edin. Phil. Journal.

HIGH LIFE AT A WATERING PLACE.

We learn that a singular rencontre lately occurred in fashionable life at one of our Watering places, filled with taste and fashion—a gentleman who had been indulging in copious libations, not of Spring Water, and being in vino veritas, went up to his chamber to disencumber himself of Coat, Cravat, and other obstacles to a free circulation of air—while fanning himself with an old Newspaper, the American perhaps—he heard the voice of a female chanting an air with much sweetness in the adjoining chamber—he joined in as second—she sung first—she paused—he paused—she commenced another air—he followed, until charmed with the voice, and the good nature of the warbler, he presumed to approach her cage, when suddenly the whole house was alarmed by her shrieks—Waiters ran across the corridor—Lodgers sprang from their beds—the intruder had retreated—indignation followed him.—One of our honorable judges in a mistaken pursuit after the culprit, burst in the door of a member of the Hartford Convention, who was bathing his feet for the gout, and charged him with an additional and original sin, which he deplored with much spirit, and high words passed.—The offender was found—scuffling and an attempt at horsewhipping followed on the piazza, which was succeeded by explanations, mutual apologies and Champagne.—Sir Benjamin Backbite who is at my elbow, declares that I have told the story wrong—there was no singing—there were several ladies in the chamber with the door ajar, and several gentlemen were talking jocosely and gallantly to them in the corridor, but one with more temerity, as Sir Benjamin calls it, than the rest, pushed open the door when the shrieking began—however, my story is best and most romantic. Every year we have some fashionable fracas at the Springs—They drink so much water and Champagne it makes them quite frisky.—Nash's Advocate.

NEW METHOD OF INCREASING SALARIES.

A respectable clergyman in the neighborhood of Boston, being at the residence of one of his wealthy and hospitable parishioners, made some complaints of the pitiful sum annually allowed him for his labors of love, and concluded by wishing it could be enlarged, that he might be able comfortably to support and bring up an increasing family. A colored servant happening in at the moment, and hearing something about salary, and family; thought the minister was complaining of the drought, and scarcity of garden vegetables; and having just been told that his kindred, the Haytiens, had become independent, was determined by his liberality, to show himself not unworthy of that nation; and running into the garden and pulled up and conveyed to the chaise of the minister a large quantity of Celery, &c. After the worthy guest had gone, the Negro came in and with a countenance free from blushes, says, "Massa, guess Mr. — got Calary nuff now; I cram his big empty box full."—Boston Traveller.

Daring and Profligate.—On Saturday, 27th ult. when the Constables were in search of the boy who stole Mr. Dow's money, they discovered a boy apparently 17 or 18 years old, of rather a suspicious appearance, loitering about the outskirts of the town, who, on being questioned, feigned himself in a state of intoxication. On being taken, however, and subjected to an examination, this person proved to be a female! It was ascertained that she had worked in this town for some months in men's clothes, and had called herself "Charles Trefethering." She has been sent to the house of correction.

Portland Argus.

The last Annual Obituary of Russia records the death of a man at the age of 168! In his 163d year he enjoyed the most robust health. (Old PAR was only 152.)

From the Belfast Patriot, Aug. 10.

FEMALE HEROISM.—On Friday last three large Bears were discovered on the plantation of Mr. Martin Meese, between 3 and 4 miles from this borough. Pursuit was immediately made by a party of men and a Miss M. daughter of Mr. M. of Spring Township, who outran all the men in the chase. After pursuing the Bears about a quarter of a mile, our intrepid Heroine overhauled them, attacked and compelled two of them to take to the trees, and the other, having been considerably worsted in the engagement, took to his scrapers. Our Heroine guarded the two Zaccheus's until reinforced by her sister and 'faithful Tray,' when a furious onset was made, which terminated in the death of the two treed gentry. Not satisfied with her victory, Miss M. immediately renewed the chase after the one who had deserted his comrades in the hour of battle, but fortunate for his noble majesty, he had employed his land-paddles to some purpose, and being favored by the thickness of the timber and under-brush, he was enabled to escape from his brave and determined pursuer.

BELFAST, Aug. 24, 1825.

Fifty years ago.—At a town meeting, held on the Common, on the south end of Lot No. 26, probably where the meeting-house now stands, on the east side of the river, in Belfast, Oct 19th, 1775, the town then having been incorporated two years—among the other things "to see if there can be any plan laid to stop the inhabitants from visiting on Sunday."—"Voted, That if any person makes unnecessary visits on the Sabbath they shall be lookt on with contempt until they make acknowledgement to the public."—Gaz.

SACKETTS HARBOR, Aug. 11.

The Frigate Mohawk.—This frigate, after laying sunk in this harbor for eight or nine years up to her gun deck, in mud and water, has been raised by Capt. R. Hugunin, and was yesterday as completely afloat as when first launched. Captain H. raised her by introducing a number of lifting pumps of a large size, to which he applied horse power, and she rose gradually as the water was cleared from her hold. This once noble frigate was commanded during the war, by Capt. Jacob Jones; she is a beautiful model, and carried about 50 guns. Her timbers below water mark appear yet to be sound.

A child in Upper Canada, bit by a mad dog, and exhibiting the usual appearance in the sublingual glands, has been perfectly restored, by the careful and repeated application of the lancet and caustic to the pimples and tumours beneath the tongue. These tumours made their appearance on the evening of the tenth day after the bite, and were immediately discharged by the lancet. The same process on every re-appearance of the tumours, produced a cure of this alarming disease in about a week.

Mr. John Nielson, a farmer of Stillwater, (N. Y.) has published in the Albany Advertiser a statement, from which it appears he was effectually relieved from the Gravel, by drinking freely of new cider and boiled cider.

William, son of Deacon Joseph Sanborn, aged 13 years, weighs 192 lbs. He has a sister, aged 11 years, who weighs upwards of 200 lbs.—They are both healthy, and can bear the hot weather equal to any of the lean kind.

Sanborn, (N. H.) Gaz.

Something New.—During Lafayette's late trip to Virginia, he spent an evening in Leesburg, at the residence of W. T. T. Mason, Esq., in company with President Adams and Ex-President Monroe; on which occasion Mr. Mason had two young daughters baptised—for one of whom Gen. Lafayette stood god-father, and for the other Messrs. Adams and Monroe. The ceremony must have been quite interesting.—If the General should continue in this country much longer, he may be invited by some of our fair ladies to officiate as *Accoucheur*. Novelty is the spice of life.—Boston Gaz.

The London steam-washing company, in their advertisement for a confidential servant, among other qualifications, state, that "he must be capable of managing a number of women!" We hope the ladies will not deem us rude, if we affirm that the man must have a bold heart who undertakes the station.

A young lady lately asked a gentleman the meaning of the word *Surrogate*. "It is, Miss," replied the gentleman, "a gate through which parties have to pass on their way to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of *snarrows gate*." "You are right, Miss," replied her informant, "as woman is an abbreviation of *wo to man*."

A wag, upon seeing the name of 'Mr. Ledger,' conductor of the Albion Library, in the list of deaths, observed, "Ah! poor fellow his day-book's closed, and he's posted I suppose to his long account." "By no means improbable," said another, "seeing he was engaged in book-keeping all his life."

A lady, whose nephew was a student at Cambridge, meeting a Cantab, an acquaintance, asked how he conducted himself. "Why, truly, Madam," was the reply, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall!" "I protest," said she, "I feared as much; he was always hankering after the wenches from a boy!"

A devout lady offered a prayer to St. Ignatius, for the conversion of her husband. A few days after, the man died. "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consoled widow; "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for."

AGENTS FOR THE OBSERVER.

Subscriptions for the *Oxford Observer* will be received by the following gentlemen, and the papers forwarded agreeably to the directions given:

Andover.....JAMES F. BRAGG, Esq.
Bethel.....MR. MOSES BARTLETT.
Buckfield.....CAPT. AARON PARSONS.
Canton.....HON. CORNELIUS HOLLAND.
Columbia.....ELIJAH L. HAMLIN, Esq.
Disfield.....GEN. HENRY FARNWELL.
Foxcroft.....JAMES S. HOLMES, Esq.
Hebron.....DOCT. JACOB TEWISBURY.
Hartford.....EDWARD BLAKE, Esq.
N. Hartford.....CYRUS THOMPSON, Esq.
Jay.....HON. JAMES STARR, Jun.
Livermore.....REUEL WASHBURN, Esq.
Minot.....MR. JOSHUA PARSONS.
Sumner.....BATHUEL CAREY, Esq.
Weld.....FREEMAN ELLIS, Esq.
Waterville.....REV. SYLVANUS CORB.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—
CATHERINE BUTTERFIELD, late widow of J. B. BENSON, late of Paris, deceased, and Guardian to the heirs of said BENSON, having presented her first account of Guardianship of said Wards:
ORDERED—That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

ON the petition of BENJAMIN CHANDLER, administrator on the estate of LEONARD PRITT, late of Paris, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of three hundred and ninety-one dollars and eight cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Waterford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of the following lots and parts of lots of Land, in Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me the subscriber, to collect, for the year 1824, town, state and county, and deficiency of highway tax, for the year 1823, as follows:

Proprietor.	No. Range.	No. Lots.	Value.	State Tax.	County Tax.	Highway Tax.	Total.
Unknown,	11	13	160	\$98	\$25	\$23	\$146
Do.	11	12	160	64	15	15	94
Do.	11	11	160	64	15	15	94
Do.	6	11	160	25	15	15	55
Do.	7	11	160	100	25	25	150
Do.	12	1	160	25	15	15	55
Do. W. part,	12	5	60	37	15	15	67
Do.	4	8	160	127	25	25	177
Do.	8	14	160	98	25	25	148
Do.	9	13	160	75	15	15	105
Do.	12	9	160	98	25	25	148
Do.	11	3	160	60	15	15	90
Do.	1	10	160	62	15	15	92
Do. N. part,	4	1	109	67	15	15	106
Do. N. part,	6	7	16	50	15	15	80
Do. W. part,	7	10	50	27	15	15	57

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the twentieth day of September next, at nine o'clock, A. M. so much of each of said lots and parts of lots as will pay said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the house of the subscriber in said Waterford.

WM. MORSE, Jr., Collector of Waterford, for the year 1824.

Waterford, Aug. 3, 1825.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAFER, No. 2, Mitchell's Building, Portland, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

Orders for any quantity executed at short notice.

Portland, Feb. 15, 1825.

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has taken the shop of Mr. JACOB JACKSON, and will carry on the

BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

in all its usual branches. Work of every description wanted in the country will be done at the shortest notice. EDGE TOOLS made and repaired. Customers will at all times find him at his shop, and no exertion will be spared to give perfect satisfaction.

CYRUS E. NORRIS.

Paris, July 16, 1825.

AMERICAN OBSERVER.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, &c., must be paid for.

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